Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 30, 1978 ONE DOLLAR

# THE ONE AND ONLY CHAMP

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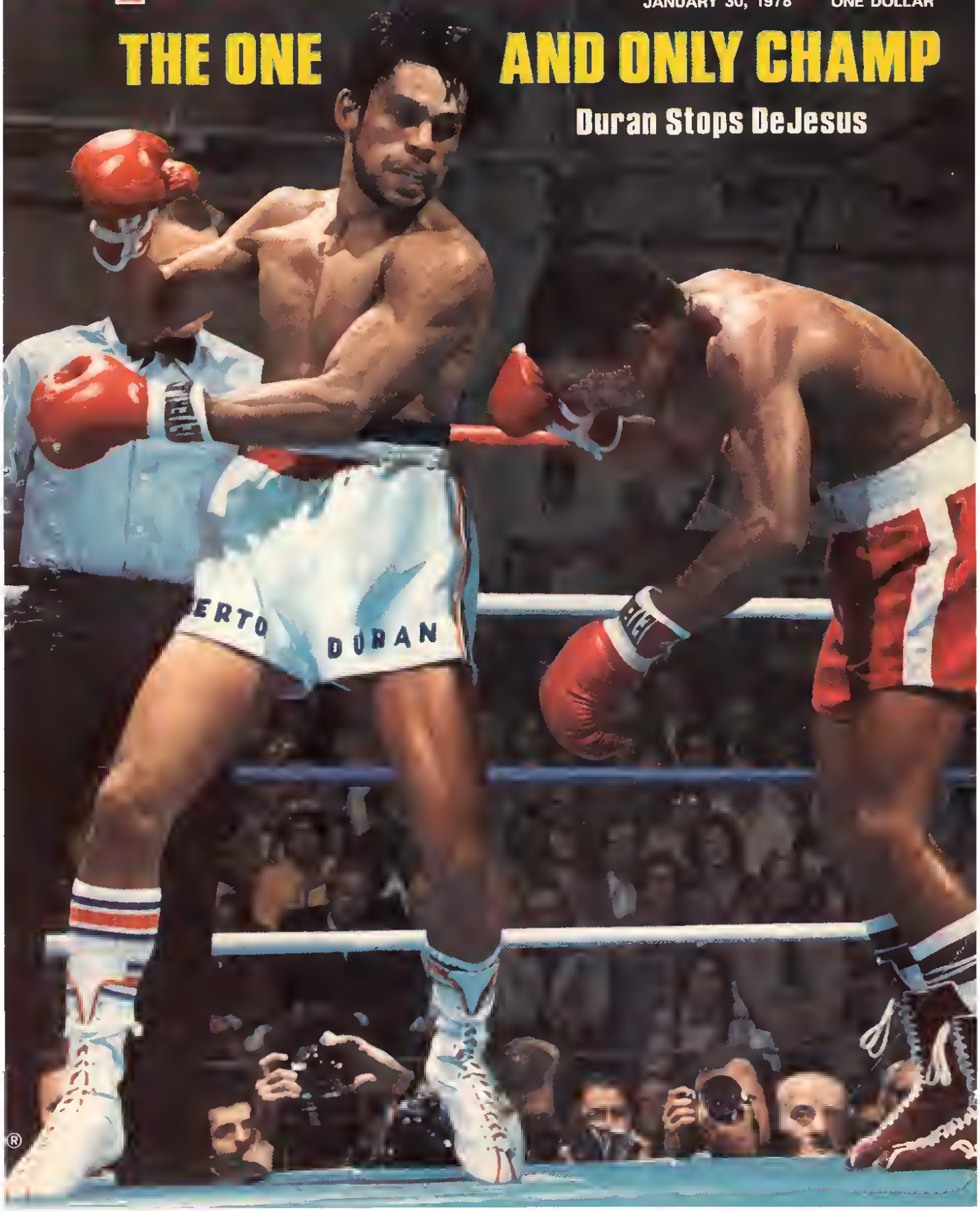

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*THE TWO LIVES OF A THIEF, who learned to become a base stealer only after he was sent up for armed robbery, are recounted by Ron LeFlore. In two years he went from behind the walls of Jackson State Prison to center field in Tiger Stadium.*

*FOUR-SQUARE FOR THE FOUR-CORNERS is what a lot of college basketball coaches have become. The delay game of North Carolina's Dean Smith may be all the rage, but it has those who like action raging. Don Delliquanti assesses the trend.*

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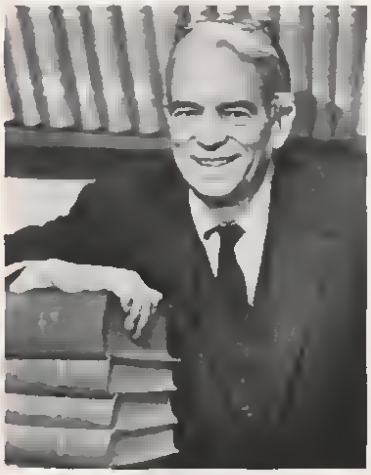
# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Only eight names remain from the original SPORTS ILLUSTRATED masthead of Aug. 16, 1954. Sad to say, that number is now reduced to seven as Assistant Managing Editor Jack Tibby retires. He will be missed not only because he contributed so much to the development and eventual success of this magazine, but also because he is that rare human being, a gentleman. His expectations for SI's weekly product were as high as his standards of propriety.

Tibby was born and raised in Pittsburgh. He can remember being taken to Forbes Field by his father, who had been a pitcher for the University of Pittsburgh. Jack also attended Pitt and was editor of the school paper, a position that enabled him to sit in the press box for Panther games.



TIBBY AMONG THE LAST OF THE FIRST

When he graduated, in 1935, he headed East, armed with a law school scholarship to Columbia, but, noticing that a lot of young lawyers were currently selling shoes, he allowed himself to be sidetracked by the George Gallup organization, then just beginning to establish a reputation as a polling authority. In 1936, under Gallup's byline, Tibby predicted a landslide for Roosevelt, with only three states "safe for Landon"—Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. As it turned out he erred only on the last, while the major competition predicted a Landon landslide.

During World War II Tibby was a lieutenant in the Navy, serving the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, where he edited and clarified mountains of classified material for generals and admirals. After the war, Jack was interviewed for a job with FORTUNE but wound up covering the United Nations for TIME instead. Six months later he began writing for the foreign news section and, in 1948, was promoted to senior editor of the books, religion, art, music, education and—a hint of things to come—sports departments. The man he succeeded as senior editor was Whittaker Chambers.

On an April afternoon in 1954 Jack's phone rang, and on the other end was Henry R. Luce. Luce wondered if Tibby could make it to dinner that evening at his apartment overlooking the East River. Jack said, well, yes, that could be arranged. Upon his arrival, Luce sat him down, handed him a drink and began to discuss his latest venture, a weekly sports magazine, as yet unnamed. Tibby showed enthusiasm and Luce asked if he would join the project as news editor. Tibby agreed and plunged immediately into the editing of Volume 1, Number 1.

Every new magazine has gears that don't quite mesh. Tibby helped get them synced so SI could be published in an orderly way. One of his most important contributions, continuing over the years, has been in enhancing SI's ability to meet "impossible" deadlines—like covering a Sunday evening Super Bowl with many pages of four-color photography and still making a Monday press run. He had a patient hand in scores of other managerial matters, including the hiring of many notable SI staffers, most prominent among them Managing Editor Roy Terrell.

As he retires, "to read Montaigne and other not fully understood authors," Jack offers this bit of advice on an essential aspect of putting out a good magazine. "Find good poets," he says, "and keep them happy."

Jack Mayer

**Some people are money players.**

Some people choke. But almost no one's the same when there's money on the line.

For a lot of people, the money game is bowling. Whatever the stakes, money usually separates the men from the boys. Or the women from the girls.

**It brings out the killer instinct.**

It shows up in the people who have that need to compete. They're the "pros." Even though they may not make a living at it. And that's what shows up on NBC's Dynamic Duos.

It started out as entertainment. A seven week elimination bowling tournament, using pairs of sports figures in the same field. Johnny Bench and Tom Seaver against Ray Nitschke and Dick Butkus, for example. We thought we'd use the opportunity to talk about their careers. Interview them close up. And while they were at it, bowl a few games.

**It didn't work out exactly like that.**

There was money on the game, and these men are pros. Every one of them was out to win, because for a pro, it's never fun and games when there's money on the line.

That's Dynamic Duos. And you can see it for yourself over the next few Sundays, just before SportsWorld.

**This week:**

Wilt Chamberlain and Oscar Robertson
vs Eddie Arcaro and Willie Shoemaker

**NBC Sports**
**Dynamic Duos**

Check your local TV listings for time and channel

# The thinking person's guide to slide projection.

It's an exciting moment when you can really start enjoying the rich, dramatic beauty of your own color slides. There's nothing like seeing them projected. Which is why you should consider one of the many Kodak Carousel projectors. They are available with a curved field projection lens for sharper edge-to-edge projection.

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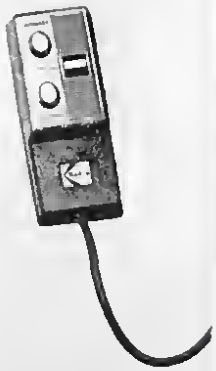
Every Kodak Carousel projector uses gentle dependable gravity to drop each slide into place. They're all easy to use. And all now come with the Kodak Carousel Transvue slide tray with illuminated slide numbers so you can always locate a slide, even in the dark. Kodak Transvue slide trays make slide storage easy, too.



## Different controls for different requirements.

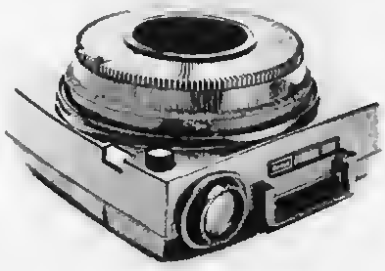
Kodak Carousel projectors are available in a variety of models. Many models offer remote control slide change—both forward and reverse. Some models give you automatic focusing; and some models even offer automatic slide changing at selected intervals.

## Know what your future options can be.

Everything from special-purpose lenses, stack loaders and slide clips, to special "presentation aids" for slide-to-tape synchronization are available for use on most Kodak Carousel projectors.

See Kodak Carousel projectors at your photo dealer's. The 600H shown is less than $115.

Price is subject to change without notice.



Kodak

# Kodak Carousel projectors


# BOOKTALK

by BOB OTTUM

### A REISSUE OF A 1927 AUTOBIOGRAPHY MAKES JACK JOHNSON THE GREATEST

This may come as a shock to Muhammad Ali, but he can no longer count on strutting off into history as The Greatest. Second-greatest, maybe. Ali was getting by nicely with that act, as both a boxer and autobiographer—his life story was published last year—and he might have pulled it off except for a new book. Or, really, an old book. Proteus in England and Two Continents Publishing Group in the U.S. have reissued an autobiography called *Jack Johnson—In the Ring and Out* ($10.95), and in terms of outrageous exploits and just plain ain't-I-wonderfulness, the old heavyweight champion wins an easy decision over the current one.

Aside from the parallel to Ali, however, it is hard to figure why *Jack Johnson* is back now, or who is going to care. The book first came out in 1927 and has been sitting in publishing's attic since not long after that: one does not recall any clamor for a new edition, which is understandable. The writing is old-time gossamer, the flowing style of ancient sports journals. Baroque sentences float through Johnson's book like Ali's famed butterflies. "I have rubbed elbows with the aristocrats of European capitals; mingled with the frivolous in noted cafes and restaurants on the Continent; I have disported on the French and Italian Rivieras. . . ." If Johnson boxed the way he wrote, it is no wonder that nobody ever laid a glove on him, so to speak.

It is disappointing that in this autobiography Johnson writes so little about his 127 recorded fights, many of which boxing historians regard as certified classics. After setting up the reader for his July 4, 1910 fight with ex-champion Jim Jeffries, Johnson disposes of it by saying, "Jeffries at no time made the going very difficult for me, and in the fifteenth round I knocked him out." There is a longer and slightly more colorful account of the notorious 1915 title fight with Jess Willard in Havana, in which Johnson did or did not take a dive in the 26th round (Johnson says he did, and for considerable money; most observers thought he was truly knocked out).

However, that is minor criticism for a book of this scope. What makes it a classic of its kind, and what relegates Muhammad Ali to second-greatest, is the stunning sweep of Johnson's extracurricular activities. In addition to being the world's hardest puncher, Johnson also presents himself as the world's greatest lover, boulevardier, adventurer, en-

tertainer and man-about-the-world. Among the things he did, or says he did:

• He owned the Cabaret de Champion in Chicago, which featured a collection of the champ's own Rembrandts, as well as silver cuspidors decorated in gold.

• He intercepted secret messages from Czar Nicholas of Russia to Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in 1914, messages that concerned attacks and defenses and plans for Germany and Russia to rule the world.

• He took a few bullfighting lessons from Joselito and Belmonte in Spain and in 1916, in spangled pants and cape, thrilled all Barcelona as a matador. "I found that the huge bull, though much slower than a boxer, nevertheless was equipped with many clever tricks, and that I could not sidestep him as I could the fist of a boxer. At any rate I was the victor."

• He was a spy for the U.S. during his semi-voluntary exile in Spain, investigating German submarines off the coast while taking "numerous risks."

• He saved an entire train from murderous robbers in Sonora, Mexico by telling the desperadoes who he was. The bandits then "staged a wild demonstration in my honor" and contritely gave back all the loot to the passengers.

• He survived revolutions in such countries as Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Mexico, Uruguay and Cuba.

• He stopped the attack of a lion on a movie set by shouting, "Get out!" just as the lion leaped toward him. The abashed lion turned and ran and hid in a nearby wood for several hours.

• He raced an automobile against Barney Oldfield (and lost).

• He survived five car crashes in which the vehicles overturned, each crash demolishing the car.

• He chased a kangaroo across the Australian outback until "the poor kangaroo finally gave up and toppled over dead."

• He ran a jackrabbit to exhaustion on a half-mile enclosed track.

• He fought and defeated Pat Lester in 1926, when Lester was considered a "logical contender" for Jack Dempsey's title. Lester was 24 at the time, Johnson 48.

• He participated in a three-handed, high-stakes poker game on a train ride to San Francisco, where he was to train for his fight with Jeffries, in which the pot was raised 15 or 20 times. When the betting ended, one player turned over four jacks. Another had four kings. Johnson had four aces.

One final thing. Johnson, a big, marvelously built man, affected a shaved head and had several teeth capped in gold. He doesn't come right out and say it, but the implication is there: he was also the handsomest fighter that ever was. **END**

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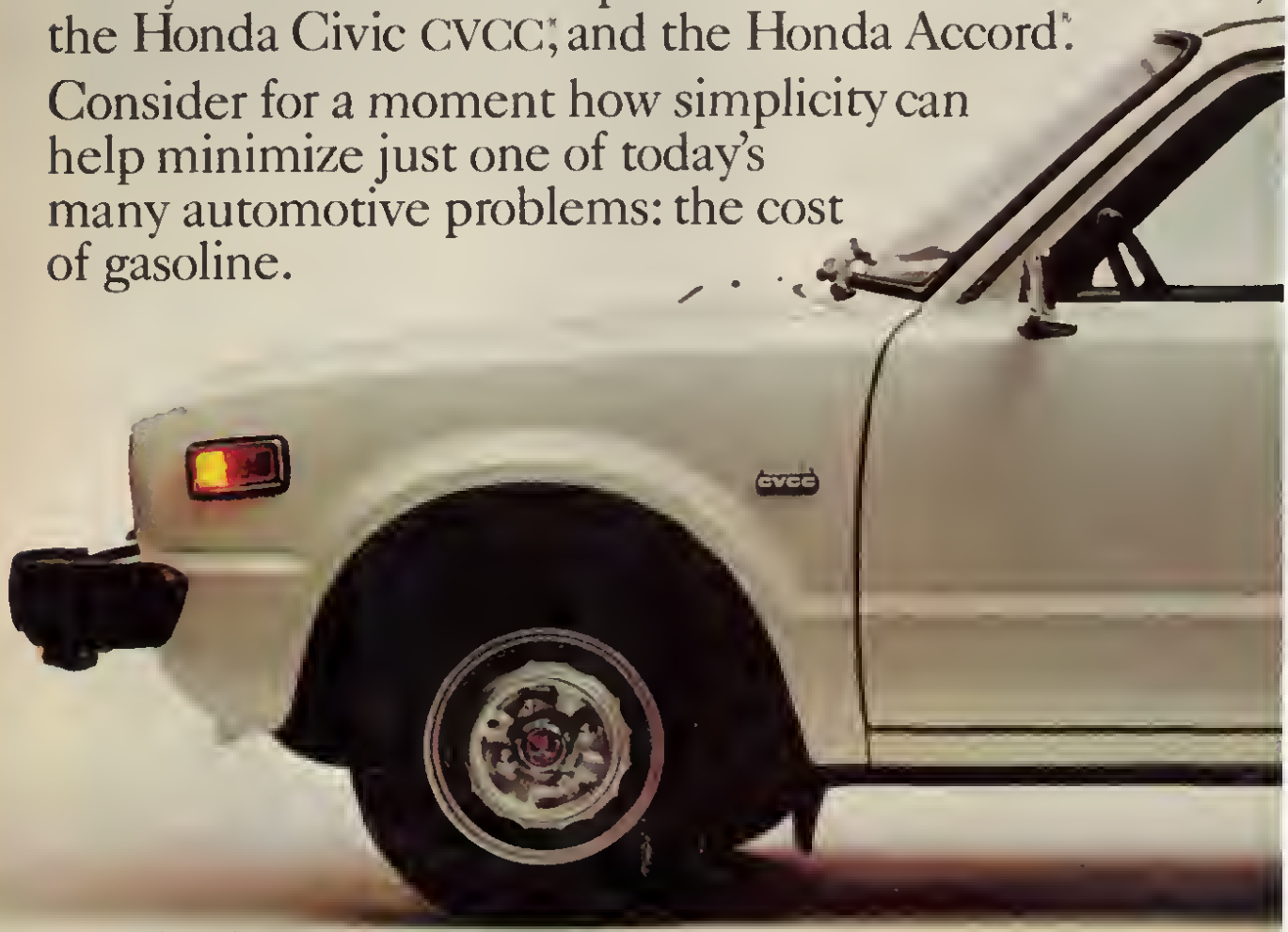
Consider for a moment how simplicity can help minimize just one of today's many automotive problems: the cost of gasoline.




HONDA CIVIC CVCC SEDAN

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But don't be misled. A simple design is often the most difficult. For all their simplicity, Hondas are among the most sophisticated cars in their price range.

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There. Now haven't we made your life simple?

HONDA

We make it simple.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

**HONESTY GETS MUGGED**

An episode in Virginia Beach, Va., involving the manipulation of 10- to 12-year-old players in a Midget football league demonstrates once again that children's games are far too important to be entrusted to some adults.

Frederick Talbott, a staff writer for the Norfolk *Ledger-Star*, has brought to light proof that 11 of 26 members of one team—a team undefeated for two years—were too old (up to 15), too young or did not live in Virginia Beach. The evidence surfaced when Mrs. J. A. Cox refused to go along with a coach who asked her to alter her son's age on his application blank. "We received five anonymous phone calls threatening our lives," Mrs. Cox said. One mother of a player in the league delivered a bunch of toughs to beat up the Cox boy; he ran inside and police were called.

"This is amazing," says Nick Sessoms, a City Parks and Recreation official who took part in an investigation by the city, "when you consider that we are talking about a game for children." The impact on children both on and off the team has been enormous. They have been exposed to a code that says cheating is defensible, and that lies are suitable when something as all-important as winning and losing is involved. Fletcher Bryant, the man who started the league in 1962, is irate: "This is the first exposure most of these kids have to organized sports."

An awards banquet was held for the offending team, the Courthouse Knights, at which everyone was assured that the Knights were still champs. Head Coach Frank Brunell said he had no idea there were 11 ineligibles on his team. Nevertheless, he and three other coaches have been permanently suspended from coaching city recreation teams again in Virginia Beach.

**GOTCHA**

In greyhound racing, the dogs chase a mechanical rabbit but never catch it. Almost never. At Hollywood Greyhound Track in Florida the other day, fans wagered $47,000 on the fifth race, but not many dollars on a 10–1 shot named Lucky Maury. Away tardily, Lucky Maury took two jumps down the track and saw that his chances of catching his buddies were slim, of getting to the rabbit nonexistent. So he made a U-turn, eluded a frantic patrol judge who tried to grab him, and proceeded to meet the bunny head-on at the clubhouse turn. He made Bunny's fur fly, when the other dogs caught up, they joined in the fun.

Nobody can remember such a scandalous flaunting of the rules by any greyhound. Infrequently a dog will fall, be dazed, and get up and run the wrong way, but he will just be trying to get back to the paddock. Lucky Maury, who is not quite two years old, was being devilish. All bets were refunded.

Last week Lucky Maury was put in a schooling race for a refresher course on dog-rabbit etiquette. But there were those who thought Lucky still had a certain gleam in his eye.

**BEST FOOT FORWARD**

The California Interscholastic Federation (Southern Section) surveyed its 400 members and found the most popular team name was Eagles, used by 17 schools. Best name? The Argyll Academy Socks.

**PLAY BALL**

As Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn continues to vacillate about letting American major-leaguers play exhibition games in Cuba, he sounds more and more like a man making mountains out of pitching mounds.

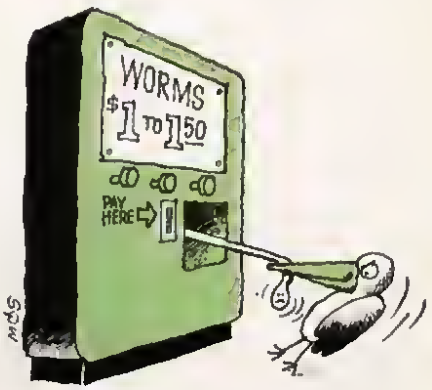
Last year Kuhn refused to let the Yankees accept Fidel Castro's invitation to play in Cuba, saying it would be better if an all-star team went. But the other day he nixed letting an all-star team go, saying, well, the Cubans won't let *their* players perform in *our* big leagues, so.

Now comes word that Kuhn is willing to listen if any of the 26 major league clubs is really determined to go to Cuba. For Pete's sake, Bowie, make up your mind. Why don't you just let 'em go down there and play ball?

**AS THE WORM TURNS**

Anyone who passes down a bank of vending machines absentmindedly pulling handles for a soft drink, sandwich and candy bar should be more alert, because there may be a new machine in the row—dispensing worms.

It is the brainchild of Frank Kartesz, math coordinator at the Rockwood (Pa.) Area Schools, who knows when things add up. His worms do. Last year he sold some 3.5 million worms as sales crept ahead of 1976, his first year. In




1978 he is counting on sales to leap to perhaps 35 million.

The idea is that a fisherman can deposit $1 to $1.50 for a package of his favorite worms. He can get 12 to 15 night crawlers which, says Kartesz, founder of Franko's Live Bait, are the best sellers because "they're the biggest, so people think they are really getting their money's worth." Or the fisherman can get 30 to 40 mealworms or red worms or 70 maggots. Next, Frank plans to package minnows. Kartesz digs, grows or buys the worms (he pays worm diggers 2¢ for each crawler; an enterprising digger recently harvested 12,000 worms in an evening, a spree worth $240) and packages them in a special substance. He designed the vending machines and now is selling distributorships.

This spring Kartesz plans to expand from 52 vending machines in Pennsylvania, Michigan, New Jersey and West Virginia, to nearly 200. He makes about

*continued*

a dime a package and one busy unit in Chambersburg, Pa., produces $250 a week.

Mrs. Kartesz can't stand worms, wouldn't think of touching them and tries to ignore the research her husband does in the basement of their home.

**HOMESICK**

In the 12 Super Bowls played so far, the team that had the longer trip to the game has lost nine times, including the last five in a row. Only Green Bay (1967), the New York Jets (1969) and Miami (1973) survived the mileage jinx.

In all four games in New Orleans, the team farther from home lost. However, in two of three games in the Los Angeles area, the team that made the longer trip won.

Which proves, of course, the overwhelming truth of that adage nearly all of us had to memorize in school at an early age: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like as close to home as possible, except for L.A., which everyone knows is a special case."

**GREATEST SHOW ON THE BLOCK**

Too many gifts are too soon forgotten, so the Clyde Beatty-Cole Brothers Circus suggests something special: rent the circus, for $15,000 a day. This is a circus that makes house calls, sort of.

For the 15 grand you get 100 circus performers, 10 elephants, eight lions, eight tigers, horses and a band, arriving in 70 vehicles. The big top requires an area the size of a football field, the total operation seven acres.

But wouldn't the neighbors be distressed? Tim Stinson, a vice-president with the Winter Park, Fla.-based circus, says, "Well, yes, maybe." A person who rents the circus, says Stinson, can be the ringmaster if he so desires—no charge for top hat, tails, whistle and microphone. Or he can be a clown, which sounds more appropriate.

"Diamonds are nice," says Stinson, "but a three-ring tented circus in your own backyard is forever."

**DOLLAR CRAZED**

In the spring of 1972, when the World Hockey Association was arriving on the scene, the New York Rangers of the National Hockey League started a salary war. Cleveland's WHA franchise talked big dollars to try to lure some Rangers, New York panicked and multiplied the salaries of many of its players (Walter Tkaczuk, for example, went from $35,000 a year to $175,000). New York wound up doubling its payroll. Other NHL teams had little choice but to yield to the renegotiation demands of their players—and NHL paychecks skyrocketed from an average of $27,000 per year to the present $96,000. And there is no evidence of any downturn.

Now the Rangers are at it again. This time they are trying to lure a pair of Swedish-born forwards, Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg, from Winnipeg of the WHA with a $1.9 million package for two years. They're fine players, but worth that kind of money? "The Rangers," grumped one NHL official, "are trying to ruin us again." With hockey suffering at the gate and on the ice—there are far too many mismatches—this is playing Monopoly with real money. Montreal captain Yvan Cournoyer said, "Personally, I don't think any player is worth more than $200,000. If those guys are worth $475,000 a year, then give Guy Lafleur $1 million."

Besides, money doesn't necessarily buy excellence, which the Rangers should know better than anyone. They haven't been much good since their 1972 spending binge.

**BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION**

At a Central Hockey League game in Fort Worth, public-address man Bob Yates made a routine announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, we ask that you not smoke in the arena but confine your smoking to the lobby."

Later, fights broke out among the players, and fans started throwing things. Intoned Yates, "Ladies and gentlemen, we ask that you not throw foreign objects on the ice but confine your throwing of foreign objects to the lobby."

**GOLF LESSON**

When Nathaniel Crosby, Bing's 16-year-old son, took over as sponsor of the Crosby pro-am golf tournament just held at Pebble Beach, he missed a couple of weeks of high school. Other golfing activities pushed his classroom absenteeism to three straight weeks. But he says he and his mother have talked it over and agree that "I am learning something unique, something I couldn't in school."

It will be interesting to see how he applies this special knowledge when he is confronted by final exams on his return to Burlingame (Calif.) High in a few days. Nathaniel's ability on blind shots could be crucial.

**SPEAKING OF DEFEAT**

Listening to coaches grapple with defeat can be more fun than watching the event itself. First we offer Gordon Frizzell, basketball coach at Trinity Christian High School in Burlington, Vt., who shows potential as a lovable loser.

Playing its first-ever interscholastic game—and making a 300-mile round trip to do it—Trinity fell behind 66–0 at halftime to Leland and Gray High of Townshend. At least Trinity averted a shutout. The final score was 124–14. "I couldn't seem to get our players up for the game," says Frizzell. "But I don't think Leland and Gray's pressure defense was so good." The fact that the victors, coached by former UCLA player Mike Lynn, abandoned the pressure defense about four minutes into the game, when they were ahead 20–0, doesn't faze Frizzell. Says he, "Our only problem is we are short one guard."

Things are only marginally better at New Jersey's Fairleigh Dickinson University, where the Knights have been blown away several times already, including a 42-point loss to Florida State.

Yet the club did rise up from its own ashes and play well against Seton Hall. It lost, of course, but the margin was only five points, 71–66. A reporter with not enough on his mind asked Knight Coach Al LoBalbo, "Would you rather play poorly and win, or play well and lose?" LoBalbo replied with laudable flair. "If I were in a movie, I would rather play Quasimodo and leave with Raquel Welch than be Rock Hudson and come away with Imogene Coca."

**THEY SAID IT**

- Shelby Metcalf, Texas A&M basketball coach, after watching Baylor miss 19 of 35 free throws against Rice: "Rice defends against the free throw as well as anybody I've seen."
- Dallas Cowboy Linebacker Thomas Henderson, on how exciting it is to be on a Super Bowl championship team: "I feel like a rat in a cheese factory with the cat on vacation."
- Former Denver Bronco Coach John Ralston, giving an explanation for his 1976 ouster: "I left because of illness and fatigue. The fans were sick and tired of me." **END**

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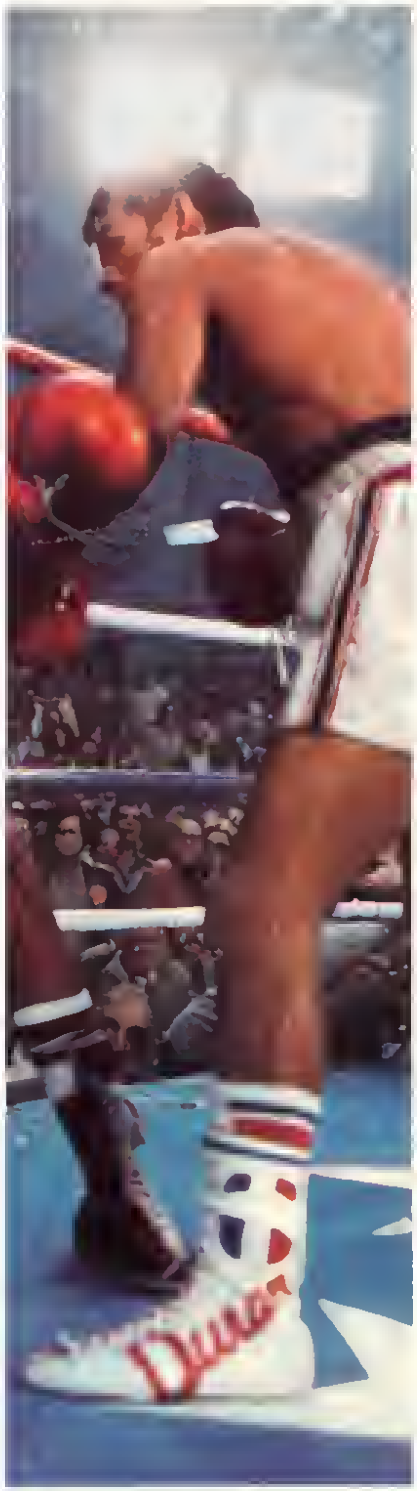
Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 30, 1978

# A SOLID RIGHT TO THE TITLE

*Switching from slugger to strategist, Duran softened and then stiffened DeJesus to seize sole possession of the lightweight championship*

**by PAT PUTNAM**



*Body all aching and wracked with pain, DeJesus was dropped in the 12th round, but he rose again, only to sink under Duran's savage final attack*

The time had come to settle the divisive nonsense of two world boxing organizations, two boxers and two championships—and Roberto Duran settled it with masterful violence last Saturday in Las Vegas. He did it with one of the sharpest right-hand shots ever delivered in anybody's organization and he left Esteban DeJesus semi-comatose on the ring floor at Caesars Palace. And only then did the former Panama City shoeshine boy, now the undisputed lightweight champion of the world, permit himself a friendlier emotion. With tears tracking down his gaunt and unshaven cheeks, he hugged his manager, Carlos Eleta, and yelled again and again, "I was born to be the champion of the whole world."

Maybe so. But, born to the title or not, this Duran was far different from the one boxing fans had come to know. Until the brutal final moments of the 12th round, the fiery slugger had banked his fire and followed a shrewd and effective new strategy. The infuriated street fighter was suddenly an artist. Moving fluidly and jabbing, slipping punches and countering rather than swarming over DeJesus, he stalked him, relentlessly wearing him down and coolly destroying him with short, savage punches to the body. For 11 rounds Duran bested the classic boxer at his own game, robbing him of his speed and his will to fight, and only then did he permit himself the luxury of putting DeJesus away with the more familiar Manos de Piedra—the Fists of Stone.

It was a fitting climax to a fight billed

*continued*

as The Combat Zone. It was to be the showdown between ancient enemies. Duran the WBA champion, loser of only one fight in 61, winner of 50 by knockout; DeJesus the WBC titleholder, loser of only three fights in 50, winner of 29 by knockout. The 26-year-olds had fought twice before, with DeJesus winning the first in 1972, a non-title 10-round decision at Madison Square Garden. A year and a half later they fought again, this time with Duran's WBA title at stake, and Duran won with a knockout in 11 rounds. On both occasions DeJesus dropped Duran with left hooks in the first round.

"I don't like him for a lot of reasons," Duran said before the fight, "mostly because he is the only man ever to beat me. And he is the only man to ever knock me down." He considered the indignity of that and managed a brief smile. "I don't like him for those reasons, but I have to respect him for them."

DeJesus said he had always wondered why Duran kept saying all those nasty things about him, and now he knew. "If he don't like me because I knock him down, let him wait until after this fight," DeJesus said. "This time I'm going to destroy him. When I knock him down this time, if he gets up, I will kill him. I tell him that I will fight him in the street anytime for nothing. He ignored me. For this I am glad, because I need the money."

If equally vocal, the two also are equally dedicated: neither will go down in history as an advocate of hard work. Both would rather play than train, and sometimes both have been known to play *while* training. But for this fight, the two old rivals had been training for weeks, DeJesus by choice, Duran more or less by trickery.

"Sometimes getting Duran into the gym can be a very difficult thing," says Eleta, who is the champion's multimillionaire patron as well as his manager. "His trouble is that he has been champion for 5½ years. He knows everyone in Panama, and they will give him anything he wants. With all that, getting him back to work is a chore. But this time I played a little trick. I told him that he had a tune-up fight in Panama before DeJesus. He trained hard at home for a month. Then I told him the tune-up fight had been called off, and I sent him to Los Angeles to train. Of course, there was no such tune-up. But he had worked very hard for four extra weeks and now is in the best shape of his career. He laughed when I told him of my trick."

For trainers, Duran has Ray Arcel, 78, and Freddie Brown, 71, in the last half century they have worked with 38 world champions. They seem to have a special rapport with Duran, forcing him to train industriously, if not happily. After every fight he fires them; before the next fight he rehires them.

"Our trouble is that the trainers he has in Panama can't handle him, they can't control him," Eleta says. "And he knows this is not good for him. Only Brown and Arcel can control him. That is why before every fight he calls me and says, 'Where are they? I need them. Please call and get them for me.' "

Under the ancient pair's exacting tutelage—and with the extra month's work behind him—Duran's usual struggle to make the 135-pound weight limit was easier. His only problem in Los Angeles was in finding sparring partners, whom the Panamanian pounds without mercy. When Duran works, everybody works. In one sparring session he broke the nose of Mike Youngblood, a 160-pounder out of Philadelphia with a 14–0 record. Duran's handlers immediately were off in search of new fodder. They came back with a kid named Jorge Morales.

"Unfortunately, we overlooked the fact that Morales was a Puerto Rican like DeJesus," says Luis Henriquez, a Duran adviser. "It wasn't a smart move."

During a sparring session Morales began to taunt Duran with suggestions of what DeJesus was going to do to him. "He kick your butt," Morales said. Duran was not amused. And then, when Morales insulted Panama, Duran began ripping off his gloves so that he could have a go at Morales with bare knuckles.

Wisely, Morales fled the ring. His father was less fortunate. Leaping into the ring, the senior Morales went after Duran, who dispatched him with a right hand to the head. Suddenly the ring was full of people, few of them friendly, and Duran, once more the violent child of mean streets, began whacking away at everyone within range.

"It was unnerving," says Tony Rivera, one of Duran's assistant trainers. "We got Duran in the corner, but he broke loose and started all over again. He just ran around the ring looking for people to hit."

When word of the brawl reached Las Vegas, promoter Don King's hair stood up even straighter. "He could have been injured seriously," he said. "What else can happen before this fight?" King had worked for two years to put together the match, ever since DeJesus had won the WBC version of the title from Ishimatsu Suzuki in May of 1976. The problems had been monumental.

"It was a job just to get the two managers of the fighters to even *think* about a match," King says. "They had fought twice and neither wanted to fight a third time. First I convinced DeJesus. But the hard part was convincing Eleta. Then, when we did agree, trying to find a site that pleased him was almost impossible. One place was too cold; the next too hot. A third place, somewhere in Africa, was O.K., but then Eleta didn't think he could get Duran's money out. He finally said yes to Las Vegas." And to $250,000 for Duran, $150,000 for DeJesus.

That was only the beginning of the promotion problems. There were lawsuits and threatened lawsuits, and the fight was off and on again. "What else can happen?" King moaned.

He found out at 7 a.m. Saturday morning. Because CBS-TV had scheduled the fight at 1:42 p.m., the fighters had to weigh in at a time better suited for rising birds and retiring drunks. The early-morning call did nothing for the tempers of Duran and DeJesus.

Normally, the scales are placed in the center of the ring, but Richie Giachetti, one of DeJesus' assistant trainers, protested that the ring was too soft for the scale to give a true weight. He was backed by weights and measures experts. The scales were placed on the floor next to the ring—within easy reach of all Panamanian and Puerto Rican fans willing to rise at that terrible hour.

DeJesus removed the heavy cross he wears around his neck and stepped on the scales. He came in at 134 pounds, one pound under the limit. He stepped down and Duran stepped up, hitting 134¼. Laughing, Duran applauded his own weight. He doesn't get down that far so easily.

Standing less than a foot away, DeJesus snarled, "Keep your mouth shut. You're too weak to even talk. You are skinny. I'll kill you. I'll show you today."

Again, Duran was not amused. Indeed, he allowed that he would be the one doing any killing. As he spoke, Duran stuck a wagging finger near DeJesus' nose—and DeJesus nailed him with a glancing

right hand. That's when the pre-fight fight started. It was brief, the handlers fought harder than the principals. "Oh, Lord," King said. "How many hours to the real fight?" "Six," said Jose Sulaimán, the WBC president. "Say, Don, how did you score this one?"

For color commentators, CBS had brought in two established fight experts, Angelo Dundee and Gil Clancy. Both liked Duran, who had opened as a 2-to-1 favorite but had skidded to 7 to 5 just before the fight. "A lot of people think Duran is slipping because of his last few fights," Clancy said. "I think he is getting better. Against DeJesus he's a stronger finisher and that's the difference. I give him a chance for a knockout from 11 on."

"The impression of Duran is that he's a rough, tough brawler who just wades in ducking nothing," Dundee said. "But all you have to do is look at his face to see that is nonsense. He's not marked up. He does a lot of cute things in there that most guys don't see. I look for DeJesus to go in the 11th or 12th round."

Meanwhile, Duran was remembering the two first-round knockdowns in his previous battles with DeJesus. He also recalled his last start, a 15-round decision over Edwin Viruet last September. He knew he had not fought his best against Viruet and that he had not fought for four months. He expected DeJesus to pressure him early. For those reasons Duran decided to open slow and easy.

As expected, DeJesus came out strong, forcing the pace and scoring points. Duran was content to lay back and study the situation, obviously in no hurry. By the third round, Duran decided that he had coasted long enough. He began to slip DeJesus' hooks and to counter with solid right hands to the body. At first DeJesus laughed when Duran hit him.

By the fifth round, DeJesus no longer found anything in the ring amusing. Duran was looking stronger, and his blows were sapping DeJesus. In the sixth Duran backed DeJesus into a corner and lifted him off the floor with a stunning body shot. He followed with a hook to the head, but, with a desperate flurry, DeJesus fought his way out. Right hand cocked menacingly, Duran stalked him. And so it went to the 11th round: Duran stalking, picking his spots, countering over and under DeJesus' wild hooks.

At that point Duran led on all three boards. Isidor Rodriques, a WBA judge from Venezuela, had him ahead 109–104; Richard Steele, a WBC judge from Los Angeles, had him in front 107–104, and Art Lurie, the neutral judge from Nevada, had him ahead 107–102. As it turned out, the scoring was irrelevant. The fight was to end in another two minutes and 33 seconds.

DeJesus came out strongly at the start of Round 12, scoring with right hands to Duran's head. Emboldened, he leaned forward slightly and started to wade in. And then, his weight balanced beautifully, Duran threw the stunning right hand smack against DeJesus' jaw. DeJesus dropped. Badly dazed, he rolled over and crawled to the ropes, hauling himself up at the count of five. Referee Buddy Basilico stepped aside after counting to eight—and here came old Stone Fists. No more science was needed. The strategy had worked.

DeJesus had no chance. Duran, his lips pulled back in the tigerish grin of old, was all over him. Quickly the blows came: a right, two lefts, two powerful rights. Trying to hold himself erect with his left hand on the top rope, DeJesus looked at Duran with pain and awe. Slowly, he began to sink. Duran hit him twice more on the way down.

As Basilico moved to the fallen fighter to pick up the count, two of DeJesus' handlers leaped into the ring and ran toward their man. Basilico tried to wave them back, then shrugged and signaled that the fight was over. It was recorded as a technical knockout. "DeJesus was on queer street. I was going to count to eight, but I would have stopped it myself," Basilico said.

Duran, now the world's only lightweight champion, went home to celebrate Christmas. And New Year's Eve. And, perhaps, to get a running start on Easter. His next scheduled fight is not until April against the winner of next week's Wilfredo Benitez-Bruce Curry bout. But as Carlos Eleta told him, "Don't celebrate too much, Roberto. We have a tune-up fight in Panama soon. I'll see you in the gym next week." **END**

*Spilling into the ring, Duran's Panamanian legions celebrate the winning of the undisputed title*

George Allen apparently was job-hunting in Los Angeles even before he was fired in Washington

# LET'S START THE MUSIC

*The game in the NFL these days is musical coaches—or who'll replace Jack who may succeed George who possibly will follow Chuck?* **by JOE MARSHALL**

Forget the players; next season NFL fans may not be able to tell the coaches without a scorecard. In the past month there have been eight head-coaching changes—five firings, three resignations. And at least one other coach, St. Louis' Don Coryell, is on hold for the moment.

Coaches, of course, are hired to be fired. Since 1975 24 of them—not to mention four interim coaches—have been hired by the NFL's 28 teams. And of those 24 new coaches, seven have already resigned or been fired themselves.

Until this season's upheaval, though, the NFL had not practiced the baseball pastime of musical chairs. No Alvin Darks moving from San Francisco to Kansas City to Cleveland to Oakland to San Diego to. . . Of the 20 coaches hired by NFL teams between 1975 and 1977, before the current outbreak, only one—New Orleans' Hank Stram—had been an NFL head coach. Now, let's start the music, please.

After coaching Los Angeles to five straight divisional titles, Chuck Knox has tobogganed off to Buffalo with the blessings of Ram owner Carroll Rosenbloom. Monte Clark, hired and unhired within a 15-month period by the San Francisco 49ers, has moved from coaching limbo to Detroit.

And in one stunning swirl of 12 hours last week, Jack Pardee abruptly resigned as coach of the Chicago Bears in order to make himself available for the top job in Washington, where the night before it was announced that George Allen had been unceremoniously fired as coach and general manager—while, as it turned out, he was en route home from Los Angeles after apparently meeting secretly with the Rams to discuss their vacant coach position.

In seven seasons in Washington, Allen had won 67 games, lost just 30 and tied one. He also had taken his Over-the-Hill Gang to the playoffs five times and to the Super Bowl once. Suddenly, however, after not getting the Redskins into

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRIOLO

the playoffs two of the last three years, he was just another unemployed head coach scrambling for a chair.

Allen's dismissal by Redskin president Edward Bennett Williams sparked some of the juiciest media rumors out of Washington since Elizabeth Ray last flunked her typing test. One theory, advanced by the sage Washington broadcast journalist Sonny Jurgenson, had Allen taking the Los Angeles job and then immediately acquiring his favorite quarterback, Billy Kilmer, in a trade with the Redskins—presumably for future draft choices.

Allen, Jurgenson predicted, would then deal Ram Quarterback Pat Haden to Tampa Bay—where he would be reunited with his former coach at USC, John McKay—in return for the draft rights to Texas Running Back Earl Campbell. Another rumor, obviously inspired by Williams' announcement that, henceforth, he would split between two men the positions of coach and GM that Allen had held, had L.A. General Manager Don Klosterman taking over the GM job in Washington.

From the Sans Souci to Georgetown the Allen-Williams controversy dwarfed Begin-Sadat, and the state of the Redskins became far more important than that of the Union. The Redskin situation was the lead story in *The Washington Star* the day President Carter made his address to a joint session of Congress, and that night one Washington television station headlined its news with film of Allen and Williams, then noted that "also in the news" was Jimmy Carter's State of the Union message.

At issue between Williams and Allen was a new contract the Redskins had offered to Allen last summer. Allen, in fact, had publicly voiced satisfaction with the details of the agreement as long ago as July 14. Nevertheless, he did not sign. Allen's original Redskin contract—for seven years at $125,000 per—was to expire on March 1. It included an option to purchase 5% of the team's stock for $500,000, which is less than half of the current market value. Allen never exercised that option. His new contract—reportedly for four years at $250,000 per—included no stock option. Allen and his attorney, E. Gregory Hookstratten, insist they verbally agreed to a stock option when they negotiated terms of the new contract with Jack Kent Cooke, the majority owner of the Redskins. According to Allen and Hookstratten, the written version of that contract proposal, which they did not receive until after July 14, contained no mention of the stock option.

Williams—along with Cooke, who always has been Allen's principal ally on the Redskins' board of directors—countered that no stock option had ever been negotiated for the second contract. All season long Allen quibbled over minor matters in the contract—one source says he wanted the Redskins to include in the document a provision whereby the club would agree to pay for a full-time maid for his wife Etty. All this time Williams, a trial lawyer in real life, suspected Allen was surveying other opportunities in the NFL. So, on the eve of the Super Bowl, six months to the day from Allen's announced acceptance of the contract, Williams gave Allen an ultimatum: sign it or leave. When Allen continued to stall, Williams pulled the plug.

"I want a coach who has Washington as his first choice," said Williams. "I was not going to be hustled by Carroll Rosenbloom. I know Allen wants that L.A. job and I hope he gets it, but I couldn't wait any longer. I was not about to leave him with an unsigned contract while he waited to see what the Rams were going to do."

To the delight of the media, Allen promptly retaliated with some of the capital's best mudslinging since Fanne Foxe's adventures in the Tidal Basin. Allen called Williams "devious and deceitful," "a Jekyll and Hyde" and "a cold-blooded fish." Allen's angry outburst also provided some rare insight into the sophisticated workings of a football team. "Another thing I don't appreciate," fumed Allen, "is having somebody call me up at 11 o'clock at night, getting me out of bed, and telling me that if I don't change quarterbacks, I'm not going to get a new contract." This was an apparent reference to the ongoing Washington debate over Billy Kilmer and Joe Theismann, the Redskins' quarterbacks. Allen favored Kilmer, Williams preferred Theismann.

Allen's choice of words for his attack seemed comical. After all, "devious and deceitful" often have been used to describe Allen himself. It was Allen, remember, who once was penalized by the NFL for trading draft choices he didn't even own.

Predictably, Allen began to hang himself with his own words. He protested loudly over the way he was fired, saying he learned of his dismissal from his son, who had heard the announcement on the radio. Allen sought sympathy. "I take my wife out to celebrate her birthday and we have this happen," he lamented. What Allen didn't say was that he had taken his wife to Los Angeles for dinner. In fact, at the moment his firing became public, George and Etty were en route from Los Angeles to Washington following his huddle with the Rams. The Allens were riding in coach, not first class, because the airline had oversold the flight.

All the Allen-Williams charges and countercharges were just so much public posturing. Neither man was anxious for the association to continue. When it became public knowledge this fall that Allen had not signed his new contract, Williams let it be known privately that he wouldn't mind being rid of his coach. At the same time, it was confirmed that Allen, through Hookstratten, had been fishing for a new job for almost a year. The basic disagreement between Allen and Williams concerned Allen's spending habits. Several years ago Williams used to jest, "I gave George Allen an unlimited expense account and he has already exhausted it," but as the bills continued to pour in, that quip turned sour. When Williams finally fired Allen, he said, "I gave George Allen unlimited patience and he exhausted it."

If Allen and Rosenbloom do pair off, they will be the NFL's odd couple. Allen has spent his entire NFL existence alienating himself from his owners, while Rosenbloom has spent his alienating himself from his coaches. Allen demands total autonomy. Rosenbloom has a top-heavy front office and, as Knox discovered, loves to meddle in his team's coaching. What's more, Allen's theory of trading draft choices for proven veterans challenges the very foundation of the Rams, who pioneered the scouting of college talent.

Pardee, or whoever inherits the Redskin job, will discover that he has no draft choices until the ninth round this year, and although he will have a No. 1 pick in 1979, that will be it until the seventh round.

Maybe humorist Art Buchwald, a Redskin fan, best summed up the situation: "The two worst things that could happen to the Redskins now are, one, if George stays, and two, if he goes."

A little traveling music, please. **END**

# ...AND THE ROOF CAME TUMBLING DOWN

*Several ice and snow storms led to the collapse at the Hartford Civic Center Coliseum, forcing New England of the WHA to find a new home for 18 months*

The architect and the structural engineers had wanted to create something daring and visually spectacular when they designed the Civic Center Coliseum in Hartford, Conn. So they included in their plans "a delicate roof that would appear to float high above thousands of spectators," as one of them wrote in *Civil Engineering* magazine. Late last week independent engineers were examining the rubble that once was the Coliseum's "delicate roof," a roof that appeared to have floated 85 feet straight down, shattering into a million pieces under the weight of a huge layer of snow and ice.

Providentially, no one was injured. Nearly 5,000 spectators had been in the building six hours earlier to see the University of Connecticut basketball team play Massachusetts, but the Coliseum was empty when the $2 million roof collapsed at 4:19 a.m.

The 1,400-ton lattice-type space frame roof had been composed of 4,455 small steel pieces and lightweight gypsum concrete, supported solely by four concrete posts. Three years ago hydraulic jacks raised the 2½-acre lid onto the Coliseum, the centerpiece of a $70 million Civic Center complex designed to revitalize downtown Hartford.

Since the first of the year a series of rain, sleet and snow storms had dumped the equivalent of 4.71 inches of water on the roof. The weight of the ice and snow was approximately 24.54 pounds per square foot, less than the 30 pounds per square foot the roof reportedly had been designed to withstand, according to *The Hartford Courant*.

The New England Whalers of the World Hockey Association were the Coliseum's prime tenants and they have shifted the rest of their games for this season and next to a 7,449-seat arena in Springfield, Mass., 24 miles away. Whaler crowds had been averaging 9,701 in the 10,507-seat Coliseum, an increase of 12% over last season. For Howard Baldwin, the managing general partner of the Whalers and president of the WHA, the experience was somewhat similar to one he had in 1968, when he was ticket manager of the Philadelphia Flyers. portions of the Spectrum roof blew off, and the team finished the last month of the season in Quebec City, where it operated a farm team.

Baldwin was philosophical, even confident, that from the shambles in Hartford would come a better and bigger Coliseum. He said he hopes the Whalers will be back in their home in 18 months and that seating will be increased to a minimum of 13,000, possibly to more than 15,000. "We'll lose some more money in Springfield, but we expect a lot of our season-ticket holders to stay with us," Baldwin said. "We have a solid partnership [including several Hartford insurance companies], and there's no question this franchise is one of the best. Everyone has been wonderful about the commitment to rebuilding."

And what effect would the collapse have on a possible WHA merger or consolidation with the National Hockey League? "Absolutely none," Baldwin said. "Last summer when we were talking to the NHL we knew we would have to expand our seating and we were planning to do it. New England will be part of anything that happens between the leagues. Nothing will go together if New England isn't a part of it."—BRUCE NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

*Nearly 5,000 spectators had been watching a college basketball game six hours before the $2 million roof dropped 85 feet*

*The Coliseum had been the centerpiece of a $70 million complex designed to give Hartford a face-lift and financial boost*

# VISITORS RUN OFF WITH THE SHOW

*A West German doctor, with his family in tow, and a Tanzanian language teacher made themselves at home in Los Angeles, repaying their host with stirring wins in the mile and two-mile at the Sunkist Invitational* **by JOE JARES**

The track and runways for the Sunkist Invitational at the Los Angeles Sports Arena are painted bright orange and lemon yellow, a not-so-subtle reminder of just what business the meet's sponsor is in. They also provided a cheerful setting last Saturday night for a host of Africans and Europeans who zipped around the 160-yard oval. However, the infield might as well have been painted black for Canadian high jumper Greg Joy, the world-indoor-record holder, who viewed his every trip to the crossbar as a perilous journey.

If Joy did not reign supreme (he was beaten by Dwight Stones), other foreigners did. Kenyans, led by Mike Boit, finished one-two-three in the 880. Suleiman Nyambui, a Tanzanian who teaches Swahili, beat out a Kenyan and Britisher to win the two-mile in 8:18.0. And West Germany's Dr. Thomas Wessinghage defeated Nyambui's countryman Filbert Bayi to win the mile.

Wessinghage (pronounced Vessingha-gay) was a busy man last year, becoming a father for the first time, finishing medical school at the University of Mainz and winning enough races to be ranked second best in the world in the 1,500 for the second year in a row. In so doing he beat New Zealand's John Walker in three out of four meetings and finished second to Steve Ovett of Great Britain in the World Cup.

"Anyone can usually find a few hours a day for themselves," said Wessinghage. "I'd run for 45 minutes in the morning and then have a more serious workout at four or five in the afternoon. It was a nice break after sitting at a desk all day.

"I knew how to combine medical school and running. It was not too hard for me." Nothing to it really. Fourteen different examinations every one or two weeks from March to July, but who needs sleep?

Wessinghage's seven-month-old son Daniel and his wife Ellen Tittel Wellmann Wessinghage, who was seventh in the 1,500 at Montreal and is now a law student at Mainz, traveled to Los Angeles with Herr Doktor. Sunkist promoter Al Franken provided them with a stroller, and Ellen paid him back by finishing second to Francie Larrieu in the women's mile. Not too bad a showing, considering it was her first race in a year and a half. "She was wonderful," said her proud husband. "She has been back in training for only four and a half months. I was so surprised to see her in that great shape."

Wessinghage and Bayi had never raced before. They were scheduled to battle in Stockholm last summer, but Bayi became

*Suleiman Nyambui came off a slow pace in the two-mile in the second-fastest indoor time ever*

sick. Then, he got married in September and stopped serious training for a while. It showed in his first two appearances in America this season. The world-record holder in the 1,500 lost both times, but it was believed he was rounding into shape.

Promoter Franken had John Kroningh of the University of California at Irvine serve as a rabbit for the first 600 yards, then Bayi and Wessinghage took over, in that order. Wessinghage challenged once, was held off, then surged ahead for good just before the 11th and last lap. His 3:59.7 was his first sub-four-minute mile indoors.

Wessinghage liked the bouncy track and its high-banked turns and was even more pleased with his performance.

"I expected to win," he said. "You get a feeling in a race if a runner you're running behind is strong. He held me off, but I knew that I was going to have another chance. Sometimes you can be in control of a race even if you're in second place."

All in all, not a bad night for West Germany, what with the Wessinghages' first and second places and pole vaulter Günther Lohre beating world-record holder Mike Tully of UCLA on fewer misses at 17' 8½".

Wessinghage is a fresh face at U.S. indoor meets, but Nyambui is not exactly a stranger—he has won the AAU indoor three-mile the past two years. Still, he is not a drawing card. It is doubtful he would have been invited to America this winter if he weren't riding Bayi's coattails.

Nyambui, a member of the Western Tanzania Jita tribe, had an advantage over Britain's Nick Rose, a Western Kentucky alumnus. Nyambui had been working out in California with *continued*

*Wessinghage ran his first sub-four-minute indoor mile after calmly trailing Bayi until the final lap*

Bayi for three weeks, getting into shape. Rose had been scheduled to compete in Philadelphia the night before, but the snowstorm discouraged him, and he flew directly from Nashville to California instead—if "directly" can be used to describe a trip that took 16 hours.

Rose, who had won the AAU cross-country title in Houston in November and had beaten Nyambui in the 3,000 at the Muhammad Ali Indoor Games two weeks before the Sunkist, was sporting a pair of red socks—if Sunkist had decorated the joint in what it considered an appropriate color scheme, certainly an athlete named Rose was entitled to follow suit.

After the first quarter mile, Rose felt the pace was too slow and moved out in front, his long hair streaming behind him. Nyambui settled into second, followed by Henry Rono of Kenya and Washington State, the NCAA cross-country champion.

After 15 laps, Rono took the lead, with Nyambui close enough to his right shoulder to bite it. Three laps later, with four to go, Nyambui let loose—and so did the crowd of 12,243 when Rono and Rose fought to stay close. *continued*

## SNOW NEARLY STOPPED THE SHOW IN PHILLY

It was going to be the finest Philadelphia Track Classic in the 11-year history of the event. A top field had been lined up for last Friday night's meet and arrangements had been made to fly many of them out the next morning for Saturday's Sunkist Invitational in Los Angeles. But on Thursday night, Philadelphia was hit by its worst blizzard in 20 years. The city was buried under 13 inches of snow. The airport was closed. Roads were treacherous, often impassable. High jumper Dwight Stones was stranded in Pittsburgh, miler Wilson Waigwa in St. Louis, four athletes from Western Kentucky were stuck in Nashville and half the Pacific Coast Club was wandering around the corridors of Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport. Other West Coast athletes had made it to Washington and were trying to mush north to Philadelphia by bus and train.

Renaldo Nehemiah, last season's sensational high school hurdler, who is now at the University of Maryland, was heading south from Union, N.J. where he had received an award. "At times I couldn't see a thing," said Nehemiah after the ordeal. "It was a total whiteout." Hurdler Larry Shipp, who had made it to Washington from Baton Rouge, sat for two hours in a train with no locomotive. "You had to be in shape for traveling today," he said. Mark Belger, scheduled to run the 1,000, even had trouble getting to Philadelphia from Villanova, just 25 miles away. "We couldn't drive," he said, "and had to go from one train station to another until we found a train that ran."

Meet officials were forced to scratch entire races and reschedule other events to accommodate athletes who had sent word that they would be arriving later. When they did straggle into the Spectrum, most of them didn't have time to warm up properly. As for the 5,000 die-hard spectators who had fought their way to the arena, they had to be content to witness the miraculous appearance of those who had been reported stranded. Performances obviously had to suffer.

In the 60-yard dash, for instance, the anticipated duel between Houston McTear, of Cerritos College in California, and local favorite Steve Riddick failed to come off despite the fact that both were on hand. McTear had left Los Angeles Thursday at 10:30 p.m. and reached Philadelphia at 4:30 p.m. the next day, having dropped in on Washington and Baltimore along the arduous way. He won his heat in 6.1, but in the final he jumped the gun twice and was disqualified. Riddick won in 6.24.

When Dick Buerkle, the new indoor record holder in the mile, reached Philadelphia, after traveling 7½ hours by plane and rented car from Buffalo by way of Washington, he felt more like taking a nap than running. He had entered the 1,000 instead of the mile and led the field of three with a 55.1 first quarter. But then Belger and Bill Martin of Iona passed him, and Belger went on to win easily in 2:08.2. Buerkle finished in a pokey 2:12.0. "I was hoping to go out in 53, but a 55 is never going to hurt Mark," said Buerkle. "I wanted to see what I could do in the 1,000. I guess I wasn't ready for it."

Another Villanova student, 21-year-old Don Paige, took the 880 in 1:51.4, but more remarkable than his win was the fact that Paige was running at all. In this instance, the weather had nothing to do with it. Last March, three weeks before the NCAA indoors, Paige had suffered a stress fracture of his left fibula. Nonetheless, he came in second in the NCAA 1,000-yard run, but the following day his leg was in a cast, and he did not compete again for 10 months. In October he started training with Marty Liquori in Gainesville, Fla., logging 100 miles a week. Last Friday he found himself boxed in with 1½ laps to go but managed to slip through on the inside and into the lead. "The distance work had given me strength," he said, "and I knew I had the kick. You never lose your kick."

One who would agree with that statement is Wilson Waigwa, the Kenyan attending the University of Texas-El Paso. He had taken a flight at 2:55 a.m. Friday, spent seven hours at Dallas and another two at St. Louis, and arrived from the Philadelphia airport, which had reopened, shortly before the mile. He chose to bring up the rear of the five-man field as Paul Cummings led the first quarter in 59.5. Waigwa moved up to second just after the half, then sprinted to the front with two laps to go. He won in 4:00.3, ahead of Sydney Maree of Villanova and Cummings.

The Outstanding Performer Award went to the 18-year-old Nehemiah, who won his first major hurdle race as a college freshman. After going unbeaten as a high school senior, he had finished fourth at the Muhammad Ali Games in Long Beach and third at Maryland the week before the Philadelphia Classic. But despite his harrowing drive to the Spectrum, he took both his heat and the finals, clocking 7.13 for the 60-yard race, .02 off the automatically timed world record. "I wanted to let myself and everyone else know that I'm for real, and that it wasn't just a high school thing," said Nehemiah after he beat Mike Shine, the Olympic silver medalist in the intermediate hurdles, and Shipp, the world-record holder in the 60-yard hurdles. "This was a test to see whether it was all in my head or whether I was a world-class hurdler."

In fact, Philadelphia was a test for all. Everyone who showed up should be ranked as a world-class traveler. —ANITA VERSCHOTH

*Nehemiah flew after crawling to the Spectrum*

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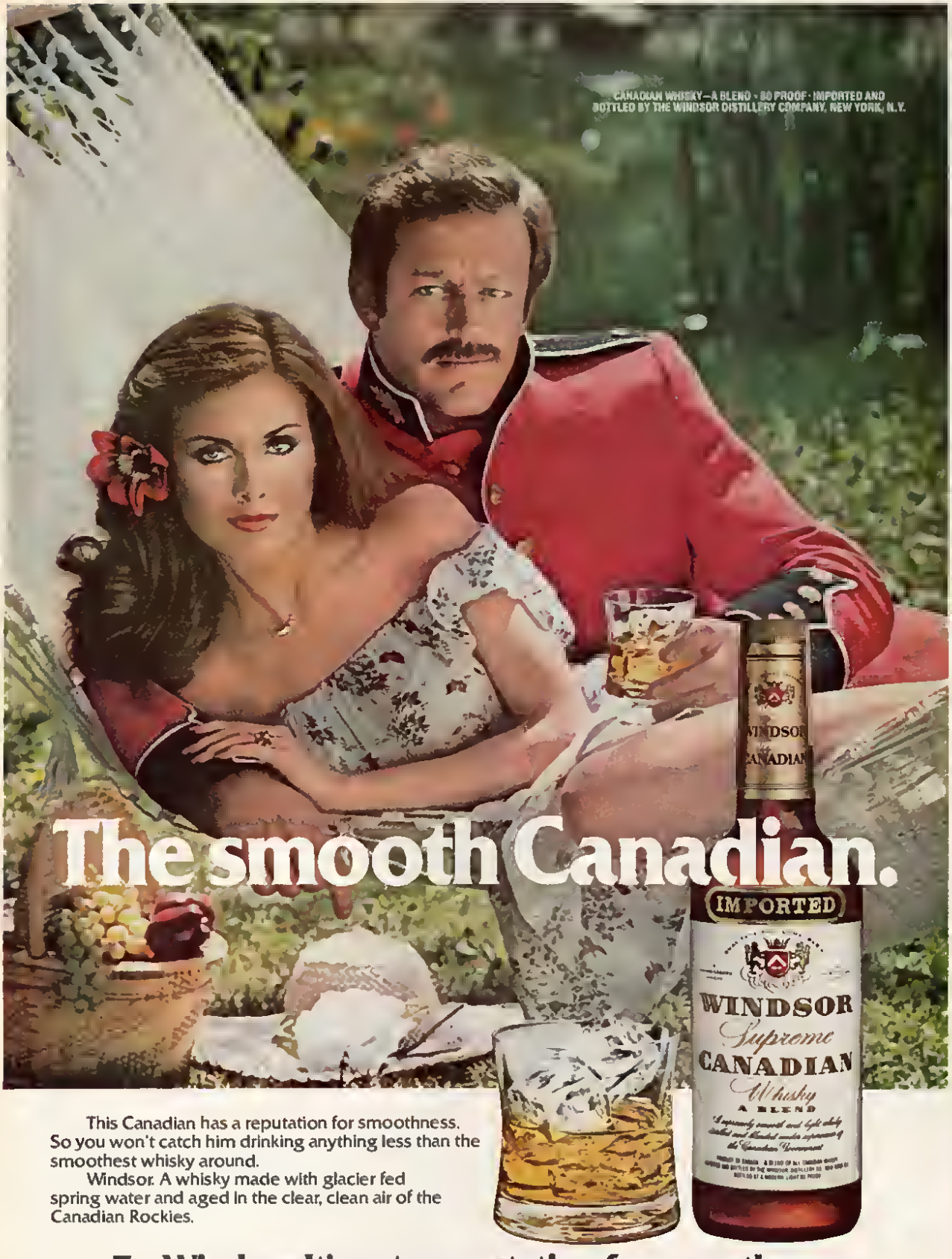


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Nyambui led for the last 500 yards, but he had to stave off Rono every foot of the way, with Rose finishing third.

Nyambui's 8:18.0 was the second-fastest indoor two-mile ever run (Emiel Puttemans' 8.13.2 record was set on a 180-meter track) and the best ever on an 11-laps-to-a-mile track. The Tanzanian had managed it despite taking a last-lap detour and slipping a bit on the infield's concrete surface as he lapped a slower runner. When the three top finishers jogged around the oval, cooling down, the crowd gave them a standing ovation.

"I didn't think we could run that fast," said Rono. "After the first quarter, Rose set a very fast mid-race pace."

"The first quarter was 65.3 seconds, and that set us behind the pace that you need for a world record," said Rose. "Maybe we can do it next week at the Millrose Games in New York. Maybe in San Diego. We can get down to the world record with the three of us in the same race. Nyambui has the speed; I've seen him run a four-minute mile indoors. Rono is like I am, he does not have the kick at the end."

The Sunkist Invitational had begun in a manner to gladden any promoter's heart. Evelyn Ashford, a junior at UCLA, had set an American record in the women's 60-yard dash, the first final of the night. Her time of 6.80 bettered DeAndre Carney's mark of 6.85, set only a week earlier. But sprint and hurdle records are an endangered species this year (Houston McTear had broken the men's world 60-meter record at the Muhammad Ali Games, and Deby LaPlante set a women's world record in the 60-yard hurdles in the CYO meet at College Park, Md. a week later) because of a switchover to automatic timing for all events up to and including the quarter mile. Ashford's mark, for example, is .3 slower than Wyomia Tyus' hand-timed world record, set in 1966.

Oh, there were a few problems at the Sunkist. The members of the Muhammad Ali Track Club had withdrawn, depriving the Sunkist of McTear, four other sprinters and UCLA hurdlers Greg Foster and James Owens. The refugees from the Philadelphia Track Classic were exhausted. Because the long-jump/triple-jump runway was painted lemon yellow, the white take-off stripe could barely be seen.

But generally, track and field athletes are stoics, so little griping was heard. The exception to this rule of late has been the high jumpers, and this night there was to be no exception. Theirs was the last event to finish, and it featured Stones, founder and still sole member of the Desert Oasis Track Club, vs. Joy, who leaped 7′ 7″ in College Park, Md. two weeks ago to break Stones' indoor world record of 7′ 6½″. Joy's feat hardly made Stones happy, it stripped him of his last world record. The U.S.S.R.'s Vladimir Yashchenko surpassed Stones' outdoor mark in July.

At the Sunkist, five of the six high jumpers approached the bar from the right, and plenty of room was afforded them. Joy was the only one to approach from the left, and he was crowded, runners often whizzing by his left ear. He complained that as he was approaching the bar on one try, the P.A. system boomed out some tidbit that could have been held up a moment longer.

Stones won with a leap of 7′ 5″, then didn't come close in three attempts at a world-record 7′ 7¼″.

"Can you believe it?" said Joy afterward. "I thought one of those times that the P.A. announcer was going to order a Big Mac in the middle of my approach."

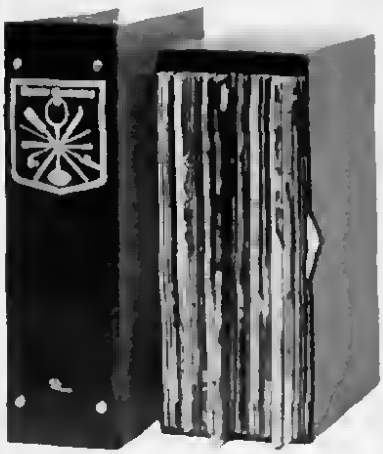
Stones did not sympathize with him, perhaps because he could remember the meets when he had had to make his approach across the long-jump runway, or perhaps because he had a sore throat and a cough and had had only five hours sleep out of the previous 50 because of the Philadelphia storm.

"He's not far and away the best high jumper indoors," said Stones of Joy. "One jump does not create a world-record holder. He has beaten me only two times out of about 30, and both times were in Canada. But the guy's no slouch, he's no fluke. Winning in my home town against a world-record holder is almost as satisfying as being totally well and totally rested."

And how did the Desert Oasis T.C. feel about no longer owning any world records?

"It's one of those things," Stones said. "I'm still *responsible* for them because if it wasn't for me, the high jump wouldn't be as popular. I'm not quitting. Here I am, sick as a dog, and I'm trying for world records."

With the 1978 indoor season just three weeks old, eight world marks already have been set. Quite obviously Stones is not alone in his quest. **END**

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# COME IN, THE NOISE IS FRIGHTFUL

**Winter does not stop racing in Indiana, where drivers in diminutive cars go indoors to thunder after checkered flags**

Say "indoor racing" in other parts of the country and the image that comes to mind is one of athletes in short pants and short spikes thumping out endless circles on board tracks. But in Indiana the same phrase suggests a far more raucous scene. One of stubby little cars charging noisily down minuscule straightaways and sliding—left front wheels spinning in midair—through tight corners laid out on the cement floors of Fort Wayne Memorial Coliseum and Indianapolis Fairgrounds Coliseum.

The brilliantly painted machines are called midgets and they look like miniatures of the cars Mauri Rose and Bill Vukovich used to drive in the Indy 500 in the late '40s and early '50s. But the drivers are full-size modern-day stars like Gary Bettenhausen, Johnny Parsons, Bobby Olivero and Tom Bigelow and Indy hopefuls like Sleepy Tripp and Billy Engelhart.

The indoor races usually draw a field of 50 to 60 cars for purses that average $5,000. If a driver is not among the 10 fastest after running a two-lap qualifying time trial, but qualifies 11th through 22nd, he still has a chance to make the feature race. But that will require skill, luck and, perhaps most of all, durability. In a pack of 12 and with the fastest cars starting last, these drivers run a 20-lap semi-feature race. The two top finishers join the 10 top qualifiers for the 100-lap final.

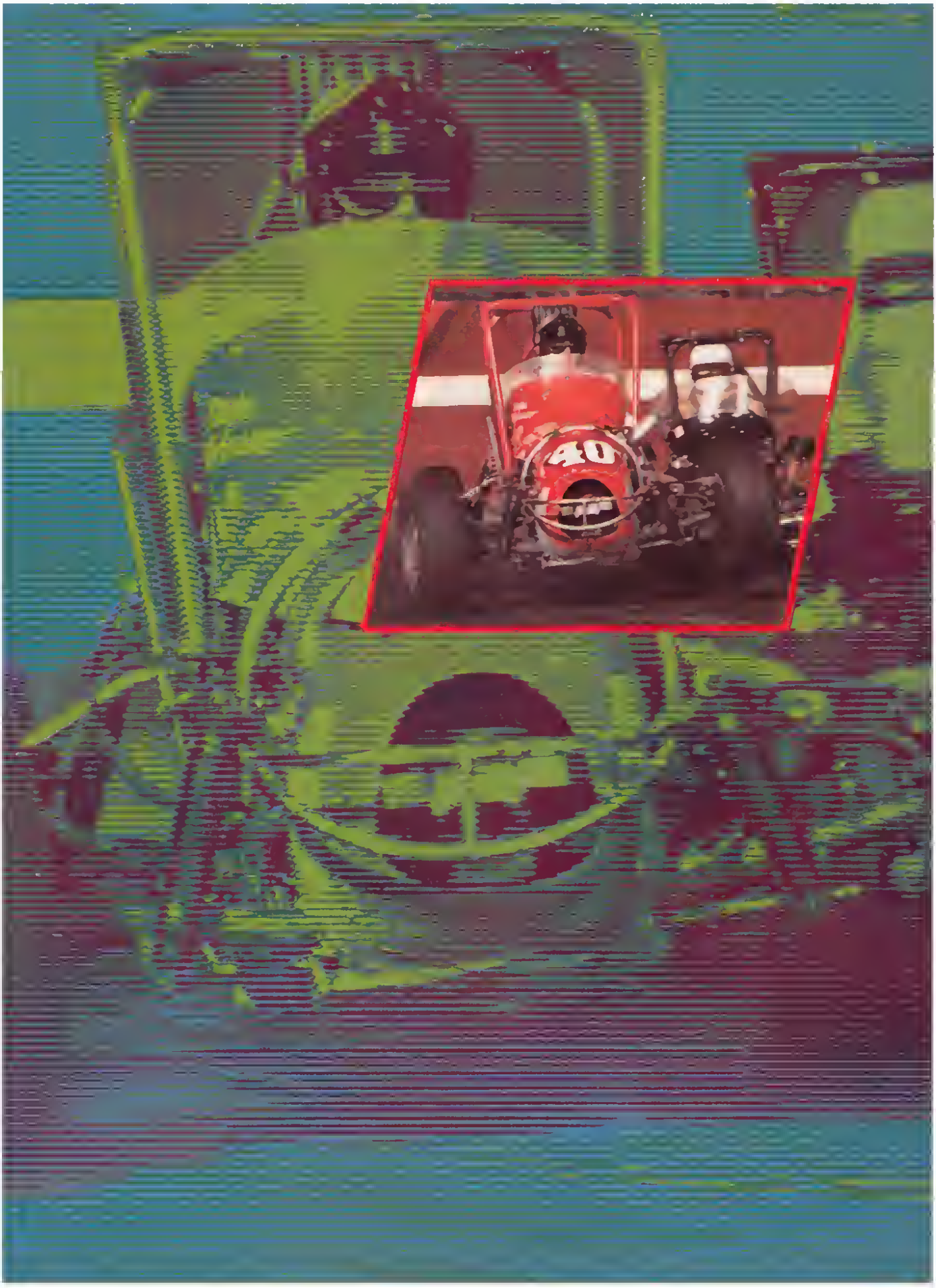
As the night goes on, the atmosphere inside the buildings turns almost viscous with spent fuel and the pungent smell of overworked tires. Occasionally a bay door will be opened in an effort to clear the air. If the night is cold enough the greasy cement at one end of the track freezes and suddenly cars will start skating into the walls that enclose the course.

It is racing at its wildest, almost the opposite of the 500, in which speeds have gotten so high that drivers try to keep as far as possible from other cars on the track. The midgets, however, can average only 40 to 45 mph on these one-tenth-mile tracks. That, plus the congestion, plus the elimination procedure, plus the "inverted" starts in which the fastest cars start last, plus the brevity of the races, makes aggressive driving mandatory. Often the only way to get in front with a midget is to shove it to the head of the pack. Not with polite taps on the front-runner's chromed "push bar" (midgets do not have self-starters and must be pushed by a truck to get going), but with I'm-coming-through shoves that send shudders through both cars.

The spectators, only a few feet away, have a remarkable view and a sense of almost being part of the action. Although the snarling exhaust noise ricocheting off cement walls and metal roofs keeps them from hearing a frustrated driver's curses, they can see him yelling. And unlike outdoor racing, where only the fiberglass hump of a driver's helmet sticking out of the cockpit can be seen, there is nothing hidden about indoor midget car racing. At least for those who are aware of its existence.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

*Midget race cars charging around a tiny indoor track create a carnival of colors and sounds*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Gary Battenhausen's Volkswagen-powered midget can lap a one-tenth mile track in eight seconds

Winners of indoor races are literally put in the spotlight

The little race cars are popular with small fans

Billy Engelhart's left front wheel gets a free ride in the tight turns.

Bettenhausen is a regular winner in the series

Roll cages protect drivers in flips and serve as handy handles

# A FIRM STAND FOR THE QUAKING ASPEN

**Gordon Gullion, a wildlife ecologist, staunchly believes the lowly aspen is the salvation of the ruffed grouse**

*by ROBERT F. JONES*

Since colonial times, upland bird hunters have worried themselves sick at least once every decade over the imminent disappearance of the ruffed grouse. Back in 1754 the bird seemed to be just about gone from Pennsylvania. In 1832 the good countryfolk of New Hampshire scratched their pates over the sudden lack of "pa'tridge." The boys in blue returning to New York State after the Civil War found grouse as hard to corner as Bedford Forrest's cavalry. In the 1920s, when grouse "crashed" disastrously in New England, a crusty old market hunter named Fred Bucklin blamed it on the chestnut blight. In peak years Bucklin had killed 350 birds a season, selling them for $1.50 a brace. Now he lamented, "I wish I could put them back in the trees the way they were . . ."

Well, it looks as if we can.

For most of this century, hunters and wildlife managers alike have recognized a 10-year cycle of ruffed grouse. In Minnesota, for instance, the birds tend to peak in years ending with zero, one or two. They hit their low in years ending in four, five and six. In between, they are either on their way up or back down. Though the data is meager, there seems to be a continental rhythm to the cycles as well. The ruff is our most widely distributed non-migratory game bird, occurring in 38 states and 13 Canadian provinces ranging from Labrador down to California and from the Yukon basin to northern Alabama. Declines seem to begin in the far northwest and northeast of the bird's range and then angle slowly southward toward the middle of the continent. Recoveries follow the same route. Currently, the southern half of New England, along with much of New York, New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, is in the grip of a low that began six or seven years ago. The upper Middle West—heartland of the ruff's range—is just beginning a recovery from a decline that started in 1971-72. Still, the lows keep getting lower, while recoveries never reach as high as the last one.

Theories to explain the cycle probably began in Pilgrim times. They run from sunspots to A-bomb tests, from "those newfangled auty-mobiles" to competition with other game birds, such as the ring-necked pheasant, introduced from abroad. Most of the theories, though, are just so much grouse feathers. No one has devoted as much time and thought and just plain hard, cold work to the subject as Gordon Wright Gullion, 54, an associate professor of wildlife management at the University of Minnesota and leader of the school's Forest Wildlife Relations Project at Cloquet, Minn., just west of Duluth. Gullion also serves as Projects Committee chairman for the Ruffed Grouse Society, a 4,000-member group with headquarters in Coraopolis, Pa. After 19 years of study, two full cycles' worth, Gullion believes he can dampen the severity of one cycle so that it will appear on a graph as a mere ground swell rather than the steep zigzags of the past. If so, it would be the greatest boon to grouse gunners since the invention of powder and the pointing breeds.

The key, according to Gullion, is that lowly tree, the aspen. Using a program of rotational clear-cutting in 1,100 aspen-dominated acres of the Cloquet Forest Center, Gullion has been able to produce population densities of one breeding bird per three acres. During the recent Minnesota "crash," his woods were full of birds. In the fall hunting season he achieved one grouse per acre. Since a density of one grouse to each 10 acres is considered high elsewhere in North America, that amounts to bird hunter's heaven. What's more, in this age of soaring wood prices, the game manager or hunting-club director who employed Gullion's methods could count on a profit of as much as $100 an acre for pulp and hardwood in addition to the sporting benefit.

"The secret is feeding efficiency," says Gullion. "We've timed ruffs during the winter when they're feeding almost exclusively on male aspen flower buds. One grouse can tuck away 100 grams of buds in 15 minutes. That's like a 150-pound man eating 27 pounds of food at one equivalent sitting." Earlier researchers stressed the catholicity of the grouse's feeding tastes. The crops of killed birds were found to contain a lengthy grocery list of goodies: buds of willow and oak, catkins of hazel, ironwood, alder and birch; the fruits of wild rose, dogwood and apple and a wide range of berries, mushrooms, the poisonous leaves of laurel and rhododendron, even insects, salamanders and on one occasion, a small garter snake. But Gullion's research has shown that these foods, especially in the cold depth of winter, are merely *hors d'oeuvres* and dessert.

"The ruffed grouse is not a catholic feeder by choice," he insists. "It is not an adaptable bird. When aspen is missing from the range, a bird must spend two or three hours to fill up on these other items, rather than a quarter of an hour on aspen. That's much more time out in the open, where predators are

*continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT SPITZMILLER

*When the rest of Minnesota suffered a 'crash' recently, Gullion's woods were full of grouse*

hunting. And much more time in the cold. Each time it lifts that wing, it's losing heat. Where aspen is present and snow is an important part of the winter ecology, the ruffed grouse is an aspen-dependent bird."

Not only do mature aspens provide gourmet winter dining for the birds, but aspens of all ages offer something of value to a grouse at every stage of the bird's life. Aspens up to 10 years old grow thick and close—a plant per square foot—and are the preferred habitat for growing birds. Aspens from 10 to 30 years old serve as drumming and breeding cover and also provide good winter protection in years of light snow. And, of course, a stand of mature aspens (the tree can live from 40 to 60 years) is restaurant row.

Aspens are "clones" of an extensive root system that can be as old as 10,000 years. A root system can live almost indefinitely, so long as one tree is associated with it. Left to its own devices, or occasionally cut back, a system will respond with heavy sucker growth and new vigor.

Over the years, Gullion and his associates have experimented with different sized clear-cuts to see which the birds prefer. The answer: *nothing* smaller than *one* acre, nor larger than 10. Working with a hypothetical 40-acre tract, Gullion would cut a different acre each year. After five years, bird populations would increase dramatically, and by the end of 40 years one could count on nearly a bird an acre. From that point on, if the rotation were continued, the boom-or-bust nature of the insidious grouse cycle should be broken.

Or so the evidence at Cloquet would indicate. Gullion operates out of a small log cabin tucked away at the edge of the five-square-mile Forest Center he shares with "the tree guys." Cloquet itself is a pleasant mill town distinguished mainly by the only gas station ever designed by Frank Lloyd Wright—an eye-boggling rendition with a soaring roof cantilevered over the Phillips 66 pumps. "Mr. Ruffed Grouse," as Gullion is known in the game-management field, is aptly named. He actually resembles the bird he has studied so long—short and close-coupled, with a slight downturn at the end of his beak, a strong pouter-pigeon chest, bright eyes and even a ragged comb of mottled, gray-phase hair. He walks with a grousey strut.

"It'll be dark in an hour or so," he said on a recent wintry afternoon. "Just the right time to spot some feeding birds." Placing a grouse tail feather in the book he was reading—the cabin has as many feathers as it does books—he pulled on his boots and parka. Winding along the narrow tote roads in his four-wheel-drive pickup, he pointed out the difference between the two species of aspen at Cloquet. "That stand over there is *Populus tremuloides*—quaking aspen. It's paler than *P. grandidentata*, what we call Bigtooth." The Bigtooth stands had an olive tint to them, quite distinct from the pale gray quaking aspen. Both trees are rare these days in the overmature woodlots of the Northeast and, where they do exist, are often scorned as mere "weed trees."

*Gullion has spent 19 years studying his favorite bird*

Gullion parked near a drumming log—the log on which a cock grouse "drums" his wings during his courtship ritual and asserts his authority—and we walked in through the eight-inch-deep snow. The log itself was so far gone with decay and moss that it looked like an ancient burial mound. "This log has had nearly continuous use since 1931," said Gullion, producing a whisk broom and sweeping the snow carefully from the top. "Aha! He's been back." Gullion pointed to a sprinkling of brown pellet-like droppings near the center of the log. "I was afraid we might have lost him. A male ruff will live about two years in the wild, though we've had a few last as long as eight. He'll spend about 6% of his life on the drumming log, summer and winter. It's the safest place in the world for him. He's sitting still and his enemies are on the prowl, looking for supper." He pointed out the well-trodden "escape lanes" leading at 90-degree angles away from the log. "If the aspen suckers are thick enough around the log, the way they are here, it's virtually impossible for an owl or a hawk to nail him."

The principal grouse predators are horned owls and the goshawks. Along with barred owls and Cooper's hawks, they account for more than 80% of the kills Gullion has studied at Cloquet Forest. Foxes, weasels, skunks, dogs and cats (both bob and house) account for the balance, though their major damage is to nests and fledgling birds. A mature grouse is too quick for most mammals. Interestingly, though he does not hunt, Gullion believes that human predation in the form of gunning has little or no effect on healthy grouse populations.

"Predation is pretty much of a constant," he said, heading back to the truck. "You can generally figure that owls and hawks and varmints will kill 70% of the birds during the course of a year. Still, you're left with a strong breeding population come spring. But there are times when we get a sudden invasion of predators from the north."

Just such an avian D-day took place in the mid-1940s. In 1942 central Can-

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ada was teeming with snowshoe hares (as many as 10,000 were estimated on a 1½-acre tract). Grouse were abundant, too, so thick in Alberta that four poachers killed and canned 2,000 birds in a single week, selling them to troops stationed nearby. Then, unaccountably, the hare and grouse populations went thump. By 1944 it seemed there were none left. Their numbers swollen by the feeding boom, owls and hawks swept southward, putting their claws to small game of all sorts in the upper Middle West. The result was one of the worst grouse crashes the Great Lakes states have ever known.

"The oversupply of raptors cut into the normal supply of grouse breeding stock," Gullion said. "It took a long time to build up again. But even in a situation like that, there are ways to save the stock. You've got to get rid of the predator cover—the brush piles and slashings on the forest floor that provide horizontal hideouts for foxes and weasels and the like. Controlled burning not only decreases horizontal cover, it also accelerates nutrient recycling. But mainly it benefits the grouse to thin out vertical cover—the stands of pine and spruce and other conifers used by the owls and hawks. They sit up there and wait for a feeding grouse to come by. Then, whap—free lunch."

This sounds like heresy; other grouse managers to a man recommend stands of conifers in a hardwood forest as prime grouse cover. The conifers, they feel, provide protection for roosting grouse from winter winds, particularly when there is not enough snow on the ground (at least six to eight inches) for the birds to burrow in for the night. But Gullion is adamant. "This could get me in trouble," he says. "If I had my way, I'd cut every pine and spruce out of this forest. But the forestry and agriculture guys won't let me. Some years ago, the New York State conservation people tried to increase grouse populations by means of a pine planting program. It didn't work, and they gave it up. I can see why."

After visiting other drumming logs, aspen clones of varying ages and trapping sites (Gullion livetraps 150 to 300 birds a year for study, banding and release), he headed the truck back toward the cabin. By now it was almost dark. Rounding a bend, he eased the pickup to a halt and pointed ahead.

"Look at them!"

High in the swaying aspens, balancing like aerialists against a gunmetal sky, four grouse were eating buds. Gullion stopped and opened a window. The sound of the feeding birds resembled a gang of teenagers popping their bubble gum. Then, after some five minutes, they puffed their feathers and took off to roost. The chainsaw rip of their wings in flight brought a grin to Gullion's weathered face. "Dammit, don't you love them?"

Later that evening, Gullion expounded further on his favorite subject. His personal drumming log is actually a tidy suburban home on the outskirts of Cloquet. Except for a book on irises and a novel or two, the shelves are devoted to the order Galliformes, of which the ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) is Gullion's king. The works of Paul Johnsgard, Gardiner Bump, George Bird Evans and Frank Woolner (whose *Grouse and Grouse Hunting* is the definitive hunter's guide) are all there. From another wall gleams a fine watercolor of two ruffs, male and female, by Don Whitlatch. The room is a shrine to grousedom.

"When you talk about the grouse cycle," Gullion said, "you are talking about the interaction of four or maybe five factors. The first and most important is aspen—both the quantity and the quality of the existing stands. The second is weather—plenty of soft snow means higher winter survival. The third is predation, and the fourth is the prevalence of disease and parasites in the grouse population. A cold, snowless winter combined with a high rate of sickness and parasite infestation can weaken birds so that they cannot mate in the spring, or, if they mate, cannot produce strong young. Still, if there are plenty of mature male aspens nearby, a grouse can handle both of those threats. If the predator cover is removed, or kept far away from the wintering grounds, the grouse has a better-than-even chance to make it through the winter. Let the owls and foxes eat squirrel.

"The possible fifth factor—and we're just getting into it now—is an intrinsic hereditary characteristic related to ruffed grouse color phases. There are two phases—gray and red. The gray-tailed birds survive the winter, according to our records, much more successfully than the reds. In fact, the red birds live only two-thirds as long as the grays. Protective coloration doesn't seem to have anything to do with it. When the winters are favorable and there's plenty of food, the reds increase in numbers, but they're the first to drop off when the going gets tough again. Just why, we don't know.

"The main thing is, there's nothing we can do about the weather. Predator control programs have never worked in the history of forest game management, not 100%, and they cost too much. Disease and parasitism are endemic in the grouse population, and I can't imagine going around worming or inoculating every bird in the forest. As for the color thing, that remains to be worked out. But we can do something about the food supply. We can cut aspen stands on a rotational basis and provide a constant supply of food, along with good cover and breeding sites, and make money doing it. When you look at a map, you see that the aspen ecosystem provides the basic habitat resources in a quarter of the forested land north of Mexico. It takes care of moose, deer, elk, beaver, snowshoe hares, black bears, timber wolves, woodcock and many other bird species, as well as the ruffed grouse. I've gutted deer up in Nevada whose stomachs were packed with new-fallen aspen leaves. It's an invaluable tree, and we're only now beginning to appreciate it. It's certainly the key to the grouse problem."

It should be noted that many grouse men—hunters and scientists alike—disagree with Gullion's insistence on aspen as being critical to the bird's welfare. One dissenter, ironically, is Mark Rutledge, a veteran grouse gunner and a director of the same Ruffed Grouse Society to which Gullion offers his services. Rutledge argues that catkins of the hop hornbeam, commonly known as ironwood, are just as important a winter food supply. On a recent hunt with him in Crawford County, south of Erie, Pa., this writer watched as Rutledge emptied the crops of two birds killed that afternoon. Though mature male aspens were all around, the crops were packed with the rusty worm-like catkins of hop hornbeam, a heaping handful from each bird. "Look at this," said Rutledge pointing upward. "There's wind high in the aspens all around us. These birds didn't want to get their feet cold, so they fed down here in this low stuff. Happens all the time around here in the late season." Provocative, perhaps, but two birds do not a scientific study make. **END**

# New coach, same old success

*Under Hank Raymonds, it has been winning—14–1—as usual at Marquette*

The motorcycle is gone, but out back of the Marquette athletic offices the T-Bird is still in its place. The Warriors switched from flamboyant Al McGuire to professional Hank Raymonds, but all the defending national champions seem to have lost in the transition is a Kawasaki. The coach's T-Bird was handed down, as was this season's designated star, Guard Butch Lee, and a winning tradition that has continued with 14 victories in 15 games so far this season.

*Raymonds is now free to go nuts on the bench*

"People said our performance in the NCAAs last year was a fairy tale, all Al McGuire and emotion," Lee says. "Well, Marquette basketball is bigger than one person. What's happening here this year should prove that to anyone who shrugged our national championship off as a fluke."

Given McGuire's accomplishments and eccentricities, Raymonds, who had established an identity of his own in Milwaukee—albeit a subdued one—gave no thought to out-McGuiring McGuire. Al is New York, Hank is Midwest—St. Louis, where he was Easy Ed Macauley's teammate on St. Louis University's 1948 NIT champions and an outfielder who played American Legion ball against a couple of guys named Berra and Garagiola before a brief stay in the minors. McGuire was born to be on the streets at night, while Raymonds is a teacher, who fiddles with his hearing aid and responds "Wide-open basketball" when someone says "Las Vegas." "We were friends, but not drinking buddies," says McGuire. "At five Hank went home, and I went out." That may explain why, in his 13 years as McGuire's assistant, Raymonds never dined at the boss' home.

McGuire eschewed blackboards and skipped practices to ride off by himself. Raymonds arrives at his office by 7:30 a.m. and takes basketball so seriously that once while watching a game film, he blew his whistle to stop the play. He came to Marquette in the fall of 1961 after 12 years of high school and small-college coaching with the idea of succeeding another of the Warriors' legendary coaches, Eddie Hickey. But when Hickey resigned in 1964, McGuire got his job, and Raymonds was persuaded to wait under Al. Or, more accurately, alongside him. "We were equals in everything but the paycheck," says McGuire, who always acknowledged that Raymonds took care of the technical aspects of Marquette's play.

By no means were Raymonds' X's and O's the only reason that Marquette averaged 25 victories during the last 10 seasons. McGuire's unorthodox style—the blending of what appeared to be anarchy on the bench with a rigorously disciplined style of play on the court—gave the Warriors the special stamp that many Marquette fans feared their team would lose under another coach. "It was crazy here last year," says Guard Jimmy Boylan. "I mean crazy. Hank's a lot different—more controlled. He holds things in, so we don't get too upset."

But there is a little wacko in Raymonds, too. He wears boutonnieres for nationally televised games. On a trip to play Louisville, when a high school athletic director turned out the lights on his practice after only 45 minutes, he told reporters he was going home—and compounded the ploy by telling the motel operator to tell anyone who called that the Marquette party had checked out. After 13 years of quietly sitting on the bench while McGuire got technical fouls in arenas from coast to coast, Raymonds now berates referees. "I always wanted to scream," he says, "but I couldn't let anyone know we had two nuts on the same bench." And last week, following the season's two most important wins, over Las Vegas and DePaul, Raymonds benched three regulars for Saturday night's game against Washington. "Al liked to play a set lineup, but I prefer to use more depth," Raymonds explained. "I want to see how certain people react. Then again, maybe I sat next to Al too long."

Sitting side by side enabled McGuire to crib Raymonds' offense for a pamphlet called *The Simple Simon Offense*, only McGuire never let Marquette run it the way Raymonds wanted it done. That was obvious last week when the Warriors, who used to thrive on 60–58 wins, beat 11th-ranked Vegas 97–81 and No. 18 DePaul 80–74. "Pretty soon they'll call us the 'Runnin' Warriors,' " said Raymonds after the shootout with the Runnin' Rebels. O.K., even Henry Iba's teams might have scored 97 against Vegas. But playing DePaul was a different matter, and the Warriors' 80 points against the Blue Demons showed how much Raymonds has changed Marquette's style.

Scouts from 10 NBA teams came to see the confrontation between Marquette's 6′ 10″ Jerome Whitehead and DePaul's 6′ 11″ Dave Corzine, who strolled into Milwaukee Arena 45 minutes before the game and promptly lived up to *his* reputation for eccentricity by stopping for a slice of pizza en route to the dressing room. When Marquette got a five-point lead with eight minutes left in the second half, Raymonds put the Warriors into a four-corners offense and turned on the Butch Lee Show. "Al wouldn't have wanted him to shoot," says Raymonds. "I wanted him to keep going for the basket one-on-one." That is like

asking an alley cat to go to the fish market. While the big men battled evenly, Lee scored 19 of his 31 points in the second half and turned the last eight minutes into show time.

In McGuire's system one senior was designated as the star, Al would allow him to have a season-long audition for pro dollars. That is still essentially true, but this season other players have gotten a few moments in the spotlight, too. "The media always made Al the main attraction," says Boylan. "Hank has made the players the attraction." The 6′ 2″ Boylan has gotten some of that attention, particularly after he scored 29 against Missouri. And Raymonds has showcased Whitehead enough that he is now being heavily scouted by the pros. In fact, Lee, Boylan and Whitehead should all be taken in the first three rounds of the NBA draft. Ulice Payne, a 6′ 6″ forward whose career average was less than five points a game, had 19 on national television against Vegas. Even the enigmatic Bernard Toone has begun to crawl out of his shell. Then Raymonds benched Boylan, Payne and Toone against Washington, replacing them with two longtime subs and 6′ 6″ freshman Oliver Lee, whom Raymonds calls "our next superstar." With the new players in the lineup, Marquette ran up an 11-point lead in the first 10 minutes and eased to a 71–63 victory over the Huskies.

*Against DePaul, Lee dazzled with 31 points*

"We lost only two starters, Bo Ellis and Bill Neary, and have more balance, depth and talent than last year," says Raymonds. "Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean we are going to repeat as national champs. Last year's team was only the sixth best—in talent—that I've seen here. We got the breaks in the tournament. Give us breaks, and we can do it again."

The main reason the Warriors may do just that is the marvelously talented and unselfish Butch Lee. He has averaged only 12.3 shots—and 16 points—a game. When Texas threw a triangle-and-two around him, he took five shots. The others scored, and Marquette won 65–56. Missouri shut Lee down, so Boylan got his 29 in a 70–52 victory. "What's important is the winning," says Lee. "Look, if I wanted stats, I'd be somewhere else. Marquette's tradition is low scoring, defense, unselfishness—and winning. The media often made Marquette sound like, 'Hey, things are crazy up there with that McGuire and those wild kids.' They didn't know. We like to think we're the Celtics of college basketball."

Lee could play for the Celtics right now, and Marquette fans make no secret of their resentment of the publicity North Carolina's Phil Ford gets—they feel—at Lee's expense. The two times they have faced each other have been in the '76 Puerto Rico-U.S. Olympic game, when Lee had 35 points to Ford's 20, and last year's NCAA finals, when Lee had 19 and Ford was hurt. "Ford's great, but Lee is the best guard in the country," says Raymonds. "No one can stop him one-on-one. No one." After the show Lee put on against DePaul, Blue Demons Coach Ray Meyer said, "He controls a game better than Cousy did."

That comes from hour after hour of going to the hoop on the playgrounds in his old neighborhood at 153rd Street and Eighth Avenue, Harlem. His parents, a department store clerk and legal secretary, emigrated to New York from the Virgin Islands. En route they stopped in San Juan, where Butch was born. Two days later the Lee family was in New York, but the stopover qualified Butch for Puerto Rican citizenship and the Olympics that made him famous.

McGuire has not seen much of the Butch and Hank Show. The only game he has attended was against Cuba, and then only because he was announcing for NBC. His reasons for staying home were made obvious when he asked Gene Bartow during a TV interview if it bothered him to have had John Wooden sitting a few rows behind him.

But Al doesn't have to stay away. His old friends are fine and would like him around. "I asked him to come sit on the bench," says Raymonds. "And get us some technicals."

## THE WEEK

*(Jan 16-22)*

**by BRUCE NEWMAN**

**MIDEAST** After a confusing start, the race in the Big Ten began to clear up a little as Michigan State emerged as a convincing front-runner. When the conference competition began early this month, Indiana looked as if it would make a surprising run at the championship, with Michigan and Purdue also contending. The young Spartans were supposed to be a year away. Well, Indiana was 2–4 in the Big Ten after losing to the Boilermakers 77–67 last week, while Michigan State stood alone atop the standings with a 6–0 record. The Spartans defeated Purdue 60–51, with freshman Earvin Johnson hitting eight straight one-and-one free throws in the final 2:06. Johnson finished with 21 points, 12 rebounds and five assists. Johnson also controlled the tempo for the Spartans, handling himself with such aplomb that the Boilermakers' Fred Schaus, who coached Jerry West at West Virginia, was moved to call Johnson "the finest freshman I've ever seen." When the Spartans were struggling against Iowa, Coach Jud Heathcote brought in another freshman, Guard Mike Brkovich, who promptly nailed three 20-foot jumpers that propelled MSU to a 68–58 victory.

Still another newcomer stole the spotlight in Michigan's game against Wisconsin. The Wolverines trailed 48–46 when freshman swingman Mike McGee took over, scoring Michigan's next 14 points and finishing the game with 26 on 11 of 16 shooting. "He's quick, isn't he?" Michigan Coach John Orr asked rhetorically. Reporters found out just how quick McGee is when he executed a neat fastbreak out of the locker room. "If I get the pub, I get the pub," McGee said as he dis-

*continued*

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appeared into the night."It doesn't make much difference to me."

Minnesota, out of the race for a postseason tournament bid because it is on NCAA probation, won twice, defeating Illinois 70–66 and Wisconsin 61–51. Gopher Center Mychal Thompson had 49 points in those games and left a houseful of pro scouts drooling. "I don't think there is any doubt he is the best player in the country," said Illinois Coach Lou Henson after Thompson had scored 27 points against the Illini.

Top-ranked Kentucky knocked off what may have been its only serious challenger for supremacy in the SEC. After routing Mississippi 76–56, the Wildcats faced the SEC's second-place team, Mississippi State, on the Bulldogs' court. And to give State another edge, Kentucky star Jack Givens was weakened by a cold. But Givens' 13 points in the final 8:20 of the first half were nothing to sneeze at, and the Wildcats established a school shooting record for the game by hitting on 25 of 37 shots, or 67.6%. "They have no weaknesses," said Mississippi State Coach Ron Greene after the 75–65 Kentucky win.

Notre Dame and UCLA has become one of the best rivalries in college basketball, and last week's game was typical. UCLA's James Wilkes missed the first shot of a one-and-one free-throw situation with four seconds left, and Notre Dame hung on for a 75–73 victory.

Earlier the Irish barely squeaked by Villanova 70–69 when Duck Williams hit a pair of foul shots with 11 seconds remaining. The Wildcats had a chance to win the game by doing what they do best—shoot free throws. Villanova was leading the NCAA in foul shooting with a .787 team percentage, and in the final 38 seconds at South Bend the Wildcats managed to get Whitey Rigsby (84%) and Reggie Robinson (79%) to the line for a total of four foul shots. Only one of them went in.

John Long scored 56 points for Detroit in wins over Bowling Green (84–79) and St. Peter's (87–77). The Titans are now 15–1.

**1.KENTUCKY (14–0)**
**2.MARQUETTE (14–1) 3.MICHIGAN ST. (14–1)**

**MIDWEST** Just as Indiana State was beginning to look like it was for real—12–0 at the start of the week and a No. 4 ranking in the Associated Press poll—along came the Rubber Band Man to cut the Sycamores down. Rubber Band Man is what teammates call Southern Illinois' sophomore guard, Wayne Abrams, who was full of snap during the Salukis' 79–76 upset of Indiana State. Abrams hit nine of 10 shots and four of five free throws, handed out five assists and ran SIU's four-corner offense late in the game.

The rest of the week was a bummer for the Sycamores, too. What had promised to be an exciting shootout between Bradley's Roger Phegley, the No. 3 scorer in Division I, and State's high-flying Larry Bird, the nation's No. 4 scorer, never materialized. Phegley was on the sidelines with a sprained wrist as the Sycamores stumbled by the Braves 73–67, with Bird getting 35 points. After Illinois State ended Indiana State's dismal week with an 81–76 defeat, Redbird Forward Billy Lewis applied the *coup de grâce*. "They just rely on Bird," said Lewis, who scored 25 points. "Without him they aren't much. I expected them to be better."

Louisville trailed Southwestern Louisiana by as many as 10 points in the first half, but Darrell Griffith came on to pour in 25 points—including six of Louisville's last 13—to give the Cardinals a 78–75 victory. They then lost to Florida State 70–66 as Mickey Dillard pumped in 24 points.

Arkansas, whose alleged lack of depth had been a source of hope for Southwest Conference rivals, showed it may not have bench problems after all. In an 84–68 victory over Texas A&M, starters Sidney Moncrief, Marvin Delph and Steve Schall got into early foul trouble, so the subs chipped in with 19 points. The Razorbacks almost lost Moncrief for the entire game when he was caught flattening A&M's Jarvis Williams with an elbow in the first half. While Moncrief was cooling off on the bench, senior Point Guard Ron Brewer was taking over. "Basketball is not a game for fighting," said Brewer. "That was one reason Sidney didn't have his good game, he was so mad. It was my job to get the team back to playing basketball. I felt I had to take control of the game." Which was exactly what Brewer did, scoring a career-high 29 points. He also hit two critical jump shots and a free throw during a run of nine points that gave the Hogs a 43–35 victory over Texas Christian.

When Kansas State and Coach Jack Hartman arrived at Allen Field House at the University of Kansas, Jayhawk fans greeted them with the old Ray Charles number, *Hit The Road Jack*. Kansas fans also tossed frankfurters at the Wildcats' unabashed Curtis Redding when he was introduced before the game. Redding proved he could cut the mustard by scoring 12 points in the first half, but that was not enough as the Jayhawks eked out a 56–52 win. Kansas also defeated Iowa State 100–82. Kansas State shot 27% against Oklahoma State in the second half and still won 62–59.

Wichita State beat road-weary Nevada, Las Vegas 87–83 as 6′ 5″ Forward Cheese Johnson scored 29 points and grabbed 12 rebounds. "We're just traveling all over hell making people happy," said Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian. The loss to the Shockers marked the first time in 16 years that a Tarkanian-coached team has dropped three games in a row.

**1.ARKANSAS (16–1)**
**2.KANSAS (15–2) 3.ILLINOIS ST. (16–2)**

**EAST** In a showdown for the No. 1 spot in New England, Providence, which came into the game with a 13–1 record, left no doubt that it deserved to rank ahead of Holy Cross, which was 11–1. The Friars used a choking 2–3 zone defense to shut down Crusader Forward Chris Potter (10 points), to hold star Guard Ron Perry to a modest 18 points and to keep the Crusaders to their lowest point total of the season in a 90–64 victory. Providence Coach Dave Gavitt credited 6′ 9″ freshman Rich Hunger with being "the difference between a six-pointer and what it turned out to be." Hunger, who is from St. Laurent, Quebec, is not accustomed to having a lot of people watch him play, but the crowd of 12,150 at Providence Civic Center did not seem to bother him as he blocked five shots. He got assistance on offense from Dwight Williams and Bruce Campbell, who combined for 42 points. Three days later the Friars were nearly booed out of the Veterans Memorial Coliseum in New Haven when they went into a stall with six minutes to play and a 45–43 advantage over Connecticut. UConn, which had been held scoreless for nearly six minutes at the game's outset by Providence's zone, was frozen out by a score of 57–47. It was the second time the Huskies were left out in the cold. Three days earlier UConn's arena in Hartford collapsed (*page 20*).

Syracuse squandered all but two points of a 16-point second-half lead against La Salle, but hung on for a 106–96 win.

North Carolina and N.C. State got down to basketball after a couple of preliminary student body skirmishes in which the head of the Wolfpack's mascot was kidnapped and served up on a tray, St. John the Baptist-style, before the game, and in which State loyalists struck back with some well-chosen words spray-painted on the walls of Carmichael Auditorium in Chapel Hill. North Carolina won the game 69–64 as 6′ 11″ Geff Crompton, the Tar Heels' dieting 300-pound center (he weighed 325 at the start of the season), scored five points, grabbed seven rebounds and blocked four shots. "When the big fella plays like that," said Guard Phil Ford, "he's outta sight. He looked like Kareem Crompton." Ford scored 24 points against the Wolfpack and 23 more against Maryland in a convincing 85–71 victory for the Heels. He is now No. 2 on Carolina's all-time scoring list and should pass leader Lennie Rosenbluth's total of 2,045 this week.

Elsewhere in the ACC, Duke defeated Wake Forest 81–72, despite blowing most of a 16-point lead in the second half. "In the ACC you can go from the mountain top to the poorhouse in a hurry," said Duke Coach Bill Foster. Duke stayed rich by beating nonconference opponent La Salle 91–81.

**1.SYRACUSE (13–2)**
**2.NORTH CAROLINA (15–2) 3.DUKE (14–3)**

**WEST** The hottest thing in New Mexico these days is not the jalapeño pepper, but the University of New Mexico team coached by Norm Ellenberger, who soon will be nicknamed Abnormal Norm if he does not watch his step. The Lobos have whipped up on just about everybody they have played and are the only major college team scoring more than 100 points a game. Yet New Mexico considers defense the cornerstone of its game. "Our defense makes our offense," says Guard Russell Saunders.

Last week Las Vegas and Texas-El Paso put a small dent in that 104.7 average, but they did not hurt the Lobos in the loss column. Before the Vegas game, Ellenberger dispatched a Rolls-Royce to meet UNLV Coach Jerry Tarkanian at the Albuquerque airport, but the hospitality ended there. Before a home crowd of 19,044, the Lobos defeated Las Vegas 89–76. Tarkanian, whose thin bench was made thinner when starting Guard Willard Govain quit the team, has been forced to play his starters the whole way in most games. Tarkanian said his weary team's nickname should be changed from the Runnin' Rebels to "Walkin' Rebels." New Mexico had no such problems, with 6′ 8″ forward Willie Howard in reserve. Before an 84–57 victory over UTEP, Ellenberger obtained a search warrant signed by an Albuquerque judge to serve on El Paso Coach Don Haskins. "You know how Haskins will try to hide the basketball," said Ellenberger, "and when he goes into that delay game, I'm going to whip out the search warrant." New Mexico never needed it, hitting 52% of its shots. Howard came off the bench to score 23 points.

**PLAYER OF THE WEEK**

***DANNY AINGE:*** *In two wins last week, the 6′ 4½″ BYU freshman guard, who is the WAC's No. 2 scorer (22.6), hit 23 of 38 from the field and 16 of 17 from the foul line for 62 points. He also had 10 rebounds and 12 assists.*

Brigham Young won a pair of close games, defeating Arizona State 96–89 and Arizona 87–86. State outscored BYU from the field by 10 points, but the Cougars hit 34 of 40 free throws. Against Arizona, freshman Guard Danny Ainge put BYU up by three points with four seconds left by hitting the front end of a one-and-one foul situation and then purposely missing the second, so Arizona would not have time for an out-of-bounds play. Utah also beat both Arizona and Arizona State, handling ASU 84–69 and the Wildcats 101–92. Arizona Coach Fred Snowden ordered his team to foul when they fell behind, but the scheme backfired as Utah hit 31 of 35 from the line.

**1. UCLA (13–2)**
**2. NEW MEX. (13–2) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (13–4)**


# William Burton was promoted by I.T.T. twice last year. He can't hear or speak.

*William Burton is a plate maker in the printed circuit shop of the ITT Telecommunications plant in Raleigh, North Carolina.*

According to their supervisors, Burton and his partner, Thomas Bryant, who is also deaf, accomplish more in their shift than is accomplished in either of the other two shifts. Both men, along with Mr. Burton's wife, Mary, who assembles in the magnetics department, are three of the seven workers involved in the plant's program for the deaf. The others are Betty Lou Sisk, Clement Ellis, Charles Lynch and Rita Snipes. The year old program includes instruction in sign language for non handicapped personnel and is rated by everyone involved as a success.

Mr. Burton, who was a janitor prior to this job, is a confident, self demanding man who takes great pride in his achievements. His supervisors' evaluation of his ability is so high that in a recent emergency, they went to phone him for getting that he could neither hear nor speak.

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**CHESS** / *Doyle McManus*

*Korchnoi came out of his match with Spassky smiling and ready for world champion Karpov, but in Belgrade he was grimly convinced that the Soviet KGB was bombarding him with rays*

# They couldn't zap the Viktor

Chess is a deceptively passionate game. Its championships arouse emotions as violent as those engendered by a Super Bowl. It is a game without mercy, for there is no release from the passion—you're not supposed to break the chessboard over your opponent's crown—and there are few lucky breaks at the highest level of play. To the uninitiated, chess players often appear driven to the brink of madness: aficionados merely recognize intensity of purpose.

When two great careers collide, as they did in recent weeks in Belgrade in the final Candidates match between Boris Spassky and Viktor Korchnoi, the stakes and passions are magnified. The winner, Korchnoi, goes on to meet world champion Anatoly Karpov next summer—a political challenge as well as a personal one, for Korchnoi defected from his native Leningrad to the West two years ago, and partly blamed Karpov, the darling of the Russian chess world, for his despair over life in the U.S.S.R. Spassky, the former world champion, goes home to France, where he lives now by choice, his hopes for a comeback after five years in the wilderness apparently in ruins. He, too, may never return to Leningrad again.

As chess, the Candidates was a bit disappointing. It was billed as a perfect test of two brilliant, evenly matched players of widely different styles. It never reached that height. Spassky simply came unprepared, and after several disastrous early defeats he turned to psychological warfare, at which he is an acknowledged master. Only three or four of the 18 games will be remembered in the annals of chess; what will be recalled are the long, loony squabbles over where Spassky could place his Soviet flag, whether Korchnoi was making gratuitous grimaces and whether Spassky tried to fix the match with microwaves, mental telepathy or death rays installed by the KGB, the Soviet secret police.

"I have never had such a match in my life," said a slightly dazed Korchnoi after Spassky abruptly resigned the 18th and deciding game to give Korchnoi the match 10½–7½. "Never have I been so nervous. I completely outplayed him in chess but I lost in the psychological warfare."

Actually, Korchnoi also outlasted Spassky in the latter as well, though not before some anxious moments. The jittery defector lost his nerve in the struggle over, among other things, non-existent rays, dropped four games in a row and gave up nearly all of an almost unbeatable lead. The real drama of the match was Korchnoi's battle to regain his steadiness. Once he did, Spassky was lost.

When the best-of-20 match opened in Belgrade's socialist-seedy trade union hall in mid-November, Dr. Max Euwe, the long-suffering Dutch grand master who runs the International Chess Federation (FIDE), noted with satisfaction that there had been no pre-match disputes—obviously recalling the Spassky-Bobby Fischer championship in Iceland, which Fischer had threatened to blow up before the first pawn was advanced.

The first game in Belgrade was cautiously played and ended in a draw. But Korchnoi, a master of defense and counterattack, had smelled out a Spassky weakness and pounced in Games 2 and 3. In Game 2 he used a favorite variation of the French defense that Spassky could have foreseen, but the former champion failed to come up with a strong response, and Korchnoi won easily. Korchnoi won Game 3 handily with an English opening. Score: Korchnoi 2½ points (two wins plus one half-point draw), Spassky ½. Needed to win 10½.

Spassky struggled to his feet in Games 4, 5 and 6, battling to draws with newly thought-out lines of play. He lost the seventh when Korchnoi set a clever trap for him. He was on the verge of drawing Game 8 when he made an unaccountable error, advancing the wrong pawn in the 51st move. The mistake was so clear it drew gasps from spectators in the hall. Score: Korchnoi 6, Spassky 2.

The match appeared to be turning into a rout, and some grand masters predict-

*continued*

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ed that Spassky, his concentration apparently shattered, would soon withdraw. They failed to reckon with his long experience in psychological warfare. Korchnoi was besting him on the chessboard, but Spassky knew his old colleague from a Leningrad chess club well. Since his defection in 1976, Korchnoi has feared the KGB. He told friends in Belgrade he was sure several of Spassky's brawnier "seconds" were actually members of the secret police. Already in the early games, Spassky had baited Korchnoi by surreptitiously nudging his Soviet flag toward the defector's side of the table. Korchnoi, who lives in Switzerland but is stateless and plays under no flag, complained to the referee, who moved the red flag back.

After Game 9, which ended in a draw, Spassky quietly opened his psychological offensive. Instead of staying at the chessboard in Game 10 and studying the positions there, he went off to a wing of the stage and sat in one of two small booths that had been provided for the players to rest in. When he decided on a move, he would saunter out, like an actor making a silent entrance in a Samuel Beckett play, move a piece and then return to his booth.

Korchnoi was enraged. He protested Spassky's behavior, demanded that his booth be opened to view and insisted on the removal of a large demonstration chessboard set up at the back of the stage for the benefit of the audience but which Spassky, from his booth, was using to plot his moves. And, as is customary in championship chess, Korchnoi threatened to walk out if his demands were not met.

Even Korchnoi's seconds, the British grand masters Raymond Keene and Michael Stean, were astonished by his passion and assumed he felt Spassky was insulting him by treating him like a minor player. The real explanation of Korchnoi's reaction was far stranger: he was certain that the KGB was aiming microwaves at him, or using mental telepathy or hypnotic "rays" to disrupt his thinking, and that Spassky was hiding in the wings to stay out of range.

At first Keene and Stean denied the story while they tried to convince their shattered star that there were no mysterious rays. They failed. Though he won Game 10, Korchnoi lost Games 11, 12 and 13, playing miserable chess marked in Game 13 by what one commentator called "horrendous hallucinations." Korchnoi was sure the problem was hostile telepathy. And one of his seconds was observed pounding in frustration on the other's hotel room door, moaning, "He still believes in the rays! He still believes in the rays!"

After 13 games Korchnoi issued an ultimatum: the rest of the match would be played without spectators (presumably to get rid of the KGB men and their manifold rays). Referee Bozidar Kazic denied the demand but came up with a compromise. Each player's booth was opened to the view of his opponent, and the spectators were moved back so that they sat no closer than 25 yards from the stage. Korchnoi agreed to this arrangement, played the 14th game—and lost his fourth in a row. Now the score was almost even: Korchnoi 7½, Spassky 6½.

Keene later said that Korchnoi himself may have given Spassky the idea for his psychological gambit. "The Russians actually looked into the idea of bombarding a chess player with rays of some kind once," he said, "and they discovered it could be done but that it would affect both players on the stage. Viktor said he told Spassky about it months ago—so Spassky saved it up as something he could use. A fear that he could play on. It was diabolical." For his part, Spassky denied knowing anything about the notion.

Now within striking distance, Spassky returned to the chessboard but did not ease up on Korchnoi's nerves. Several times he arrived sporting a bright white tennis visor and an enigmatic smile, drawing titters from the audience and irritating Korchnoi. Still, with Spassky back on center stage, the threat of KGB interference was gone—at least in Korchnoi's mind.

Games 15 and 16 were draws, and Korchnoi got back on track in Game 17 with a solid win that marked his psychological recovery and made the score 9½ to 7½, one point from victory. "That was the best game," Korchnoi said later.

In the 18th game Spassky at first battled Korchnoi to a standstill and even refused a draw. When the game was adjourned after 40 moves, Spassky sealed his 41st move in an envelope. The grand masters in attendance believed he could count on at least a draw.

Korchnoi and other analysts assumed Spassky's 41st move would be to pull back his exposed king into a more sheltered positon. But when the sealed move was opened the following day, they saw that Spassky had pulled back his queen instead.

Spassky, too, knew that he had erred. As Korchnoi gaped, he muttered, "I resign" with an angry wave of his hand, signed the score sheets confirming his defeat and strode off the stage without shaking hands or saying another word.

"I completely outplayed him," Korchnoi crowed. He predicted that he would defeat Karpov, too, rays or no rays. "I am sure it will be much worse," he said. "Karpov will not be easy."

Korchnoi once called the 26-year-old champion "a player of modest abilities." Now he hedged a bit. "I can confess that every year he has added to his skill," he said.

Korchnoi did reconfirm one trait in Belgrade: unpredictability. After disposing of Spassky, he threatened to hold up the title match with Karpov unless Soviet authorities allowed his wife and son, who are still in Leningrad, to emigrate to Israel. "This is a threat," he said in his hotel room, nervously juggling two wooden bishops in his right, chess-playing hand, and offering visitors his left hand to shake. But at almost the same time he was vowing to play Karpov under any circumstances. Four days later, at a news conference in Zurich, he denied ever linking his family's wish to emigrate and the Karpov match and claimed that reports that he had were "misinformation from the Spassky camp." (On the same occasion, he produced a Swiss parapsychologist who declared that by applying "positive PSI forces, also known as white magic," Korchnoi had successfully neutralized the hostile Soviet telepathy.)

In Belgrade Korchnoi had said he would trust Karpov's judgment on where the championship match should be held: "He knows how to make money." So far Britain, West Germany, the Netherlands and Argentina have expressed interest in hosting the match. For the Belgrade series, Korchnoi and Spassky divided a purse of only $25,000, and they each got a Yugoslav-made Zastava automobile. Indeed, the match was run on such a shoestring budget that the second day of each adjourned game had to be played in a smaller, cheaper hall.

The new challenger, sighting success after a long uphill pull, said he posed only one condition for the championship match: "I would like to play in a city that has no Soviet Embassy." **END**

# A mile high but hip deep in trouble

*Denver is off to its usual fast start, but once more it may not be able to go the distance. Star Guard Brian Taylor has walked off in a huff over money and outstanding defensive Forward Bobby Jones is hurting in a dozen ways*

Remember that other team from Denver? That lovable bunch of boys called the Nuggets who never, never grow old, at least not until playoff time? Well, while the Broncos were down in New Orleans getting their oranges crushed, the Nuggets were out running, gunning, skying, flying, wheeling and peeling off a 10-game winning streak to open up a five-game lead over Chicago in the NBA's Midwest Division. True, the Nuggets *always* seem to have a 28–15 record this time of year, and so you may think you didn't miss anything while you were down with Broncomania.

But if you had been watching last week, for instance, you could have seen Coach Larry Brown go through agonies worthy of the soaps, first choking back tears when starting Guard Brian Taylor walked out on the team after its ninth straight win, then consoling the sick and the lame on his shrunken 10-man roster. A 104–89 home win over Cleveland Tuesday was merely a break in the clouds. A streak-snapping 114–109 loss at Milwaukee Thursday darkened the skies once more. On Friday, the Nuggets found themselves snowbound for 5½ hours in Chicago's O'Hare Airport. As bad as that was, everyone had to agree it was better than going to snowbound Buffalo where Denver was scheduled to play that night.

"This was a great cancellation for us," deadpanned Brown, breaking everyone up during a pause in a marathon poker game. "The best thing that's happened to us all week."

Winning streaks and being in first place are nothing new to the Nuggets. Last season, its first in the NBA, Denver won 50 games—second-most in the league—and was the only team to lead its division from wire to wire. And over the past three seasons the Nuggets have the best record of any pro team. Even so, to the rest of the NBA Denver is considered a tough home club—they are currently 19–2 at McNichols Sports Arena and have lost only 12 there in 3½ seasons—but not a threat to win the championship.

NBA people joke about the Nuggets' rah-rah collegiate attitude and Brown's "passing game" offense, both of which Brown has held onto, like an old fraternity blazer, from his days as a North Carolina Tar Heel.

The digs bother Brown not at all. "If you take a poll in the NBA," he says, "you'll find a lot of guys saying 'I want to play in Denver.' They want to get excited and have fun. As for the passing game, the reason people laugh is that nobody ever called it that before. In the NBA, they call it 'freestyle.' "

Denver's front line of Center Dan Issel and Forwards Bobby Jones and David Thompson is also maligned, many believing it to be too light. That charge, Brown admits, has some merit. Last season he tried to add some bulk by trading for Paul Silas, but the 33-year-old Silas was woefully out of place in Denver's jump-switching defense and high-speed offense. Though the Nuggets roared out to a 29–12 start, they lumbered home a tired 21–20, and in the playoffs with Portland found themselves overmatched inside against Bill Walton, Maurice Lucas and Bobby Gross, losing 4–2 in the Western Conference semifinal.

But these shortcomings seemed irrelevant while the Nuggets were mowing down opponents both home and away during their recent streak. What *is* notable about the team's fast start this year is that seven of the 12 players who finished last season in Denver are gone, and four of the current Nugget squad are rookies.

Thompson, a consummate player in only his third year, is having his best season. Shuttled between forward and

*Dan Issel, thought by many to be too small to play center, stood tall against Milwaukee's John Gianelli.*

guard, the 6′ 3½″ jumping jack has scored fewer than 20 points only six times in 41 games, is averaging 26.1 points on 53% shooting and is second on the team in assists. "Yeah, I guess I'm playing pretty good," he says.

Jones, the leading vote getter on the NBA All-Defensive team last year, continues to push his stringbean 6′ 9″ body to its very limits, blocking shots—he slapped away eight last week against Cleveland—making steals and averaging 15 points on short-range 57% shooting. "If there was an all-white league," said a Denver writer, "Bobby Jones would be David Thompson."

Issel has been merely sensational—and was the key to the streak. During those 10 games he averaged 12.4 rebounds and 24.1 points on 54% shooting while holding opposing centers, including Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Artis Gilmore, to 9.6 rebounds and 10.1 points. And his excellent outside shooting draws the big centers away from the basket, opening up the middle for Thompson and Jones. Issel has always bristled at the suggestion that at 6′ 9″ he is not a legitimate NBA center. Last year, in fact, he was voted the West's starting center in the NBA All-Star game.

"It was the worst experience of my life," he says. Having beaten out Abdul-Jabbar, Walton, Gilmore and Bob Lanier, among others, Issel was booed mercilessly for the rest of the season every time he played on one of their home courts. "The worst thing was when they introduced the 24 All-Stars before the game in Milwaukee. I was the only one who got booed. I'm not pretentious enough to think that I deserved to start, but I was having a good year. I went to Kareem and said, 'I didn't vote once. Honest.' "

Denver's most important acquisition this season was Taylor, the outstanding defensive (and high-scoring—17.0 last year) guard whom Brown had been after for two years. To get him from Kansas City, Denver traded away backup Center Marvin Webster, Silas and Willie Wise. Taylor was just getting comfortable with the Nuggets, averaging 15 points in his last six games, when he walked out. Taylor claimed, among other things, that Denver defaulted on several riders concerning payments that were added to his contract last summer. Taylor further felt that because he was pressuring them, the Nuggets were desperately trying to trade him. On the advice of his adviser, Abdul Jalil, Taylor declared himself a free agent and left the team last Monday without a word to Brown or any of his teammates.

Carl Scheer, Denver's president and general manager, was shocked. "We told Brian we would try to do some things to make him happy," he said, "but not a single one of his contentions was ever agreed upon. Why would I do that? He is already making $320,000 a year."

"The agreements were made," says Taylor. "Not on paper, but we have everything on stereo tape. I'll be a Muhammad Ali. I'll be a Curt Flood. I replace fear with faith in the Lord."

Brown expected Taylor to play against Cleveland on Tuesday night and was stunned when he did not show up. "He won't be back," said Brown. "How could I have him back and look my kids in the eye after what he did to us?" Management hastily scrapped 1,700 game programs that featured Taylor's picture on the cover.

On Thursday, before the Milwaukee game, Brown said, "I really feel sorry for Brian. He doesn't know what that guy is doing to him. Two years ago, when Brian was walking out on the New York Nets, he agreed to play with us. He said the Lord wanted him to be in Denver. Two days later the Lord offered him more money in Kansas City."

"Did we miss Brian?" Brown snapped after losing to the Bucks but before the inevitable question had been asked. "That's like asking the Boston Celtics if they're waiting for Bill Russell to come back. The guy's gone."

Just as tough a question for Brown involves Bobby Jones, who has had an intermittent rapid heartbeat problem for several years and usually runs himself down badly enough to have an occasional vitamin B-12 injection. After a three-game road trip early in the winning streak, he looked like Rocky in the 14th round. Against Golden State on the eve of the trip, he severely sprained an ankle. Two nights later against Atlanta he aggravated the sprain, chipped a tooth on Steve Hawes' shoulder and scored only six points. At Washington, an Elvin Hayes elbow opened a three-stitch gash over his right eye. Back home, he came down with the flu and collapsed in his living room, hitting the same eye on a coffee table, and needed 17 more stitches. He was kept in the hospital for two days of tests, after which the collapse was verified as an epileptic seizure. Now he is taking a regular dosage of Mebaral, a kind of sedative which, he says, "really spaces me out. I've lost a lot of intensity. I've only made one steal in the last five games."

*David Thompson's leaping act is better than ever*

To take up the slack, Brown has had to play 6′ 5″ Anthony Roberts, a rookie out of Oral Roberts and the nation's second-leading scorer last year (34.0) with 65- and 66-point games to his credit. Against Chicago, Roberts was in for 32 minutes and scored 18 points. Against Los Angeles he came off the bench to score 21 points in 24 minutes. His defense has been getting better and Brown loves him. "He's learning," says the coach.

Another thing Roberts probably has learned is that as long as Larry Brown is coaching, Denver will be in the playoffs. No coach in the NBA can match Brown's 5½-year record: 307–154, a winning percentage of .666. But even as the Nuggets are trying to get back to their regular winning thing, Brown must be wondering how long his luck can hold. **END**

I had always assumed that once one learned to skate, it was always there—like bicycling, or playing *Chopsticks*, or swimming, or building a paper airplane. I could remember the black ice of the Exeter River and the New England ponds in winter, and while I was kidded for skating on my anklebones, I knew how to stop and turn, and I developed a frantic waterbug skittering style across the ice that got me picked quite high when we chose for teams in childhood pickup games. So when I was assigned to write a participatory journalism account of playing hockey in the NHL—it was arranged that I join the Boston Bruins and train for an exhibition-game stint against the Philadelphia Flyers—I blithely told the editors that naturally, I could skate, oh absolutely. Of course, I wouldn't be able to keep up with the forwards and defensemen, which would suggest I'd be better off in the goal where the demands on one's skating skills were not so exacting.

"So you'll play in the goal for the Bruins?"

"That would be best, yes. But I can *skate*, don't worry about *that*."

Just to be sure, about a week before I was to report to Fitchburg, Mass., where the Bruins train, I paid a visit to the Sky Rink in New York City. I put on my new goalie's skates, stepped

# Bozo the Bruin

*The Old Participator plays goal for the Boston Bruins, and exposes his melon to some 130-mph zingers*

by George Plimpton

out on the ice, teetered wildly and fell down. The Wurlitzer organ was playing *Waltzing Matilda*. Extraordinarily capable people wheeled by, the men with hands clasped comfortably behind their backs, chins outthrust and dreamy expressions on their faces, while at center ice the women pirouetted in tight circles, their heads back and their ponytails hanging down. I pulled myself up and crept along the wall like the frightened muskrat, Chuchundra, in Kipling's *Rikki-tikki-tavi*, who never dares to come into the middle of rooms—taking little crotchety steps as I tried to dredge out of my past the most basic fundamentals. I had forgotten everything—how to stop, how to skate backward. All that was left of my past style, with its fine abandon, was that I still sagged onto my anklebones. Some of the skaters whizzing by glanced curiously at my goalie's skates as I crept across the ice. Could any of them have guessed that they were looking at a man who in two weeks' time would be playing goal for the Bruins?

In desperation I went back to the rink day after day—grimly circling the ice, sometimes gliding slowly to a stop and hunching down in front of an imaginary goal to practice the lateral movements required of a goaltender. To the skaters resting on the benches it must have seemed an odd sight—a solitary figure

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hopping and shifting back and forth across a small rectangle of ice. What could they have thought?

I left for Fitchburg with a sense of foreboding. The friends who saw me off thought that I was daft to be doing such a thing. In the goal? Against slap shots coming in at 130 mph? Indeed, the omens were disheartening. Fitchburg sits below a high hill topped with the bright stones of a large cemetery, and the Gideon Bible in my motel room was open to some verses from Job: "He shall return no more to his home; neither shall his place know him anymore."

It evolved that not only did my friends think me daft, but so did the Bruins when I introduced myself to them. Terry O'Reilly, the wing who is famous for his tireless, combative behavior on the ice (this nickname is the Tasmanian Devil), said he wouldn't *think* of getting in the goal, ever, and when he told me this, his face was solemn with worry. Don Cherry, the Bruin coach, did not lift my spirits by telling me that he never really thought of goalies as being hockey players anyway. Goalies were another species, he felt, pointing out that when hockey coaches were asked about their rosters they always said they were carrying so many hockey players and x number of goalies.

My roommate, Jim Pettie, himself a goaltender, said I should be proud to be considered apart from the rest of the players. "Cherry is right," he said. "Welcome to the union." He went on to say that Gerry Cheevers, the first-string Bruin goalie, never shook hands with the opposing players in the lineup ceremonies at the end of a playoff series, never, never—it was a contradiction to shake hands with someone who had been firing a puck at you—but that he would skate past these people to shake the hand of the opposing goalie. They were both in the union. Why, if a rival goalie got in a slump, Cheevers would try to help him out of it. Goalies stick together. They look after each other.

"Well, you've all got quite a job with me," I said.

Pettie had a number of nicknames, the one most used by his teammates being "Seaweed," for the wild, stringy look of his hair after a game—apparently a hereditary condition because his father's nickname turned out to be "Kelp." Seaweed was shortened to Weed by most of the Bruins, and that was what the fans yelled in Rochester, where he played for the Bruins' farm club, when he made a good save—"Weed! Weed!" He had also picked up the nickname "Mad Dog," this for his aggressive play on the ice despite the limitations one would assume were imposed by being a goaltender. Physically, he reminded me of a young and very agile Gene Wilder, the popeyed Hollywood actor. He talked incessantly, often until nearly dawn, occasionally leaping onto his bed and bouncing on the mattress as he described the more technical aspects of goaltending. He was exhausting. Hockey absorbed him. He told me that he had read only one book completely through—the life of Jacques Plante, the great Montreal goalie. Most of his family was involved in a Toronto puck-manufacturing concern named Viceroy Manufacturing Ltd. As Seaweed described it in his lively manner, "My mother makes pucks, my sister sells them and I eat them."

Seaweed knew that his chances of making the Bruins were slim. Five goalies were in camp, the veterans Cheevers and Gilles Gilbert, Ron Grahame from the WHA and rookies Dave Parro and Seaweed. Seaweed had only played one game for the Bruins. The year before, he had been called up when Cheevers left for home because of a family emergency. In Chicago he was announced as the starting goalie at the end of the team meeting just before a game against the Black Hawks, and his teammates burst out laughing because his eyes popped so at the news. "I was sick immediately," Seaweed told me. "I got up from the meeting and went into the john and got sick. Out on the ice I was sick behind my mask the first time the Hawks came across the red line. I was sick between the periods. I was sick after the game."

"Did you manage . . . ?"

"Oh, I won the game 6–3," he said, using the personal pronoun in the manner of a prizefighter's manager.

I was Seaweed's second roommate, the first, Wild Bill Fraser, having been dropped by the Bruins—"gassed" was the description Seaweed used—the day before I arrived. Seaweed said that Fraser's hope of making the squad was based almost entirely on his willingness to mix it up and fight. "He had three barbells with him," Seaweed said. "He worked with them all the time. He'd wake me up in the middle of the night—'Hey, Seaweed, do you think I should start a brawl at tomorrow's practice?'"

Seaweed said he would stir from his sleep and suggest that perhaps Fraser should wait until the Bruins played another team. "That'll be a good time to do it," he'd say.

"But, Seaweed," Fraser said, "it might be too late. I could be gone before I can show the coach I can stick people."

Seaweed said he could hear the bedsprings squeak as Wild Bill lifted the barbells in the dark. "I don't think that guy ever slept," he told me, "what with building up his strength and thinking about busting someone."

Seaweed himself was no slouch when it came to fighting

He had spent 145 minutes in the penalty box during the 1975-76 season at Dayton, Ohio, which is a record for goalies in the professional leagues. Among other things he had clambered up into the stands (with all his equipment on, he must have looked like a gorilla on the loose) to beat up on a fan who was "chirping" at him—Seaweed's expression for mouthing off.

"What you can't be in this game," he told me, "is a player who wants no part of mucking it up."

"Ahem," I said. "And even the goalies...?"

"The great ones have to muck it up so they're respected," Seaweed said. "Cheevers has so much respect that you don't find players standing in the crease with him. He belts them in the ankles."

"How many goons are there on the Bruins?" I asked.

"During the exhibition season there are a lot of them on every team," Seaweed said, "racing around and trying to make an impression. Goalies have to look out for them, because they're wild and they shoot up on the roof a lot."

"Up on the roof...?"

"They'll throw the puck in high—and bust you in the melon, like as not."

Seaweed was an expert at the lingo. The head was not only the melon but also the puss, the pumpkin, the coconut. "The dumb guys on a club," he said, "are called cement heads. We have one on our club in Rochester. He's called Portland."

"Does he mind?" I asked.

"No, because it's true," Seaweed said.

The worst put-down, far worse than being called a cement head, apparently, was to say of someone, "He's got no seeds." "That's like handing a guy a white feather," Seaweed said. "I see," I said. "What's the goal called?" I asked, trying to shift to more inanimate objects.

Seaweed said that oldtime goalies referred to "being in the barrel," but these days no self-respecting goaltender would ever say such a thing. It was a demeaning phrase, with the connotation of being a fish in a barrel, or in a barrel going over Niagara Falls, or a clown in a circus barrel.

Seaweed was adamant about it. "A goalie would never say he was going in the barrel."

"But it would be accurate?"

"Oh yes," he admitted. "Damn right. You'll see. You'll see in the first practice."

In the morning we drove across town to the Wallace Civic Center rink. It rained almost every day while I was in Fitchburg, and after the long nights of listening to Seaweed, the tick of the windshield wipers had a lulling, soothing effect, so that despite my fears of what was coming, I walked into the Bruin locker room yawning mightily.

The first day, the other goalies did little to make me feel at home. Cheevers came up and showed me his famous mask with the stitch marks painted on it where the pucks had busted him in the melon—as Seaweed would have said. "Look at this one—across the nose," Cheevers said, pointing. "I got hit in St. Louis, and if I hadn't been wearing the mask, I'd be dead. In fact, even *with* the mask I thought I was gone."

Gilbert told me that in three weeks' time while playing for the Three Rivers (Quebec) junior team he had lost all his top teeth, all his bottom teeth and part of an ear. He saw the piece of his ear lying on the ice and fell over in a faint. "That was the first game my parents saw me play," he told me.

Don Cherry, the Bruin coach, saw me looking uncomfortable. He came over. Cherry is a small, cheerful man with a cockiness of manner and stature that always made me recollect that he had been the drummer in a marching bagpipe band. He took me aside. "You'll be O.K.," he said. "I mean, you're going to *live*. I've never seen a goalie get a really serious injury, even before the time of

*George, the great goalies have to muck it up so they're respected," advised Seaweed Pettie*

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*On most occasions Plimpton had only the most fleeting sort of acquaintance with the hockey puck*

the masks. Terry Sawchuk never wore one. People say that in the premask times the goalies stood up more, so their faces would be up above the goalmouth, but Sawchuk, he'd hang his face two or three feet off the ice so's he could see through the screens. Nothing happened to him on the ice. He died after rassling with a player, Ron Stewart, on a lawn, just fooling around, at his house in New York. Or take Bobby Perreault, a goalie I once played with—a little short guy, 5′ 6″, potbellied and bald, who never wore a mask and hardly any protection at all. Nothing bothered him. I remember he got hit real bad once in the melon, just an awful thing to see, and I skated up to him and called out, 'Bohhy, Bobby, you all right?' He answered, 'I'm all right; how's the *crowd* taking it?' Oh, he was a tough one."

It usually took me 15 minutes or so to prepare myself for the ice, but the first day, with the other goalies and the equipment manager crowding around to show me what to do—like squires preparing a French knight for the field at Agincourt—I struggled with the equipment for more than half an hour. The order of dress was important. First, a long white union suit. All the players wore them, and before a game they lounged around the locker room looking like a restless collection of outsized rabbits. Some of the players cut the legs off at the knees. Mine were full length. Then a pair of socks. Next, the goalie's protective cup, a large mold made of a hard plastic substance which gives a dull thud if knocked with a fist. When a puck hits it, it gives off a high *bong!*—a sound which, according to Seaweed, is referred to as "ringing the berries." He told me that to be hit by a hard shot in the berries—a "stinger," he called it—resulted in a pain like "taking your top lip and folding it back over your head."

Many goalies stuffed newspapers or cotton into the protective cup, but Seaweed felt this was for psychological reasons as much as anything.

"It doesn't help?" I asked.

Seaweed replied that he doubted a goalie had gone out there to "test" whether it was less painful "with" or "without," but certainly his impression was that a stinger would hurt no matter what.

After adjusting the protective cup (in my case, despite my roomie's skepticism, filled with the entire front section of the *Fitchburg Sentinel and Leominster Enterprise*), the goalie slips on a garter belt with clips to hold up heavy wool stockings. Then the hockey pants—stiff as cardboard, so that stepping into them was not unlike pulling a pair of barrels up around the waist. Next, the skates—special goalie's skates with toe and ankle protectors, and blades designed to keep a puck from sliding through. The blades were kept comparatively dull, so that a goalie could slide in the goal crease without being brought up short. After the skates came the big leg pads, cumbersome, the thickness of a mattress, with two straps at the bottom that hitch the pads to the skates and six more up the back. The procedure for getting them on was to kneel on the pads on the locker-room floor and crane over one's shoulder while fumbling to attach the straps. Once that is done, the goalie rears up and pummels the pads and pushes them around to get them adjusted to the legs properly. The pads have a compartment-like hollow that runs down their length, into which some goalies stuff magazines for cushioning. I kept a notebook in the compartment of my left leg pad, along with a felt pen, to remind myself of my reportorial duties. Seaweed suggested that I keep a flask in there, so I could have a swig for courage from time to time.

After settling the pads comfortably, the goalie puts on the following: a pair of knee pads; a chest protector, like a baseball catcher's, with clips that fasten around the back; a pair of arm protectors as stiff as stovepipes, and a small bib, which is supposed to keep the Adam's apple from being caved in. I wore used equipment and I noticed that a strange ripe-cheese odor emanated from these items—part of it acrid, doubtless from the sweat that no amount of steam-laundering could expunge. But some of it was the smell of funk, perhaps, that had exuded from the long terrors of playing that position, a curious, penetrating odor (a shower never seemed to rid me completely of it) that appeared trapped permanently in the nostrils. A whiff of it would arrive suddenly in my consciousness, weeks later, while riding in a bus. I would think, "Oh, I'm stuck with this, forever, and there are peo-

ple, especially up in Canada, who *recognize* this odd aroma, and the man on the seat opposite is going to nudge his neighbor and remark, 'Hey, Ed, that's a *goalie* sitting there.' "

Sometimes the whiff was so strong that I thought I had been the victim of a practical joke, that some of the Bruins had dosed my equipment with a mysterious scent which they pretended not to notice. In fact, out on the town with them after practice, I often had the feeling that I was floating among the citizens of Fitchburg and through their taverns in a potent, odiferous haze.

Seaweed had warned me that I would surely be victimized in some such way by the Bruins. The practical joke was an essential byplay of training camp. Most jokes involved the players' false teeth, which during practice were kept in small Dixie cups on top of the shelf above the rows of hooks on which the players hung their clothes—the most common stunt being to switch the teeth around, so that after practice a player would reach up and try to settle someone else's bridgework into his bite. I suspect it takes one who has lost teeth to fool around with someone else's. I could never look at that row of cups without an uncomfortable twinge. Sometimes the disposition of the teeth was more inspired than simply shifting them around. I was told that one of the Washington Capitals, disgruntled because of something that had been done to him, put together quite a large collection of teeth, packed them carefully in little individual boxes and mailed them off to Henry Kissinger, who was then Secretary of State.

Then there were the gloves. The blocking glove, backed with a thick rectangular board pocked with air holes, went on the stick hand (in my case, the right), and on the other went the huge catching mitt, dwarfing my hand. The mitt was much more malleable than I had imagined; I could flap the leather lips with a big slapping sound. It was important to catch the puck in the lower portions of the glove, because, as I found out, there was no padding to protect the hand itself, and if the puck came in high in the glove and smacked the palm, the pain soared up the arm and shattered the frame of the body like an angina.

The masks. I had two somewhat quixotic ideas about decorating my mask that I thought might give me a small psychological advantage on the ice. The first was that I would arrange for a very fine artist to do a representation of a large, blue eye on my mask—very realistic, so that an opposing forward, coming down the ice with the puck, would glance up and find himself transfixed by this large Cyclopean apparition and would tend, as a result, to misdirect his shot. But then someone pointed out that the design could easily be mistaken for the bull's-eye of an archery target, and the temptation would be overwhelming for a shooter to drive the puck dead into the middle of it. Quickly, my preference tilted to the other design I had in mind, which was that of a cartoon chipmunk's face, perky, with puffy cheeks, and two long front teeth showing in the middle of a sunny smile, bright blue eyes sparkling above—the overall effect so disarming that only the most hardened of players would ever mar it with a slap shot.

"No, it doesn't sound right," Seaweed said. "I think everyone would aim at that squirrel just on principle."

*Coach Cherry has never thought of goalies as being real hockey players*

Whatever their possible psychological impact, both notions went aglimmer because the mask the Bruins supplied me in Fitchburg was the wire-cage model that looks like a baseball catcher's mask. It had been developed in the Soviet Union. Vladislav Tretiak, perhaps the best goaltender in the world, wears one, and this season a number of NHL goalies have abandoned their face-fitting models in favor of the cages. The wire-cage model is safer—a puck to the surface of the face-fitting model could produce a considerable contusion. Still, I was vaguely disappointed, it being impossible to paint an eye, much less a chipmunk face, on the wires of the mask. "You're going to have to rely just on your skills," Seaweed had remarked.

When a goalie's got everything on, he is weighed down by about 35 pounds, and however graceful he may be once out on the ice, he moves from the locker room across the rubber mattings for the rink with the ponderous gait of a dowager coming down a church aisle. My own approach to the ice was far more tentative. I kept close to the wall to use it as a prop in case I started to topple. My skates wobbled. I reached the edge of the rink, the door in the boards ajar, and I put one skate down, pushed off with the other and moved out onto the expanse of ice where the Bruins circled, waiting for Don Cherry's whistle to start the practice—my passage among them leisurely, teetering and bobbing like a child's model of a houseboat launched onto a pond.

Once on the ice for that first practice, I heard a concussive bang on the glass off to one side at head level; I was concentrating so hard on remaining upright that I never

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bothered to turn to see what it was. Later I learned that Dave Forbes, one of the Bruin forwards, seeing me step on the ice, felt that I should be greeted in some way—introduced to the ways of the National Hockey League—and he fired a puck high up on the glass, just two or three feet down the line from my head. *Crack!* Behind the glass Don Cherry happened to be standing with a friend who had stopped by to observe the practice. As they watched the Bruins handle the puck, Cherry was remarking how accurate professional hockey players are with their shots—they know exactly where they are putting the puck. Just then Forbes fired his shot past my head. Cherry's friend paled. "My God," he said, "did you see that?"

"What?" Cherry had missed it.

"Well, one of your Bruins just missed that goalie's head. Wildest shot I ever saw." He pointed at the spot on the glass where the puck had hit. "It only missed the goalie by a foot. Look, it's even affected the goalie, look how he's skating out there."

Cherry glanced over. "Oh, *that* goalie," he said.

The practices were much less involved than I had imagined they would be. There was no instruction, no plays diagramed on a blackboard, indeed hardly any communication between the coach and his players, except that a whistle would be blown from time to time and we would be told what to do next.

The practice started with the players wheeling the long length of the ice for five minutes or so, alternately shifting into high gear and then slacking off at the coach's whistle. My fellow goalies, though the bulk of their pads forced a more oblique skating stroke, seemed to clip along at speeds just a touch under the other players'. My own speed was about half of theirs, a decorous 10 knots or so, until at the whistle to speed up, I would step up the pace and come down the stretch at 12 knots or so before setting the outside leg and starting the slow stem turn around the cage. The Bruins whistled by. Occasionally a stick would reach out to tap me on the pads and I would wobble alarmingly. Periodically, the coach would yell at us to skate backward—which the Bruins could do almost as fast as they could skate forward, the skates roaring as their edges bit the ice in the quick S motions of the skater in reverse. My own speed backward was in the neighborhood of a knot at the most, done gingerly without much body motion, so that from afar it must have seemed that what was moving me was a zephyr of wind. I always kept close to the boards.

The warmups were followed by a series of drills—various combinations of offense against the defense—and then the scrimmaging would begin. That was Cherry's principle—to get the squads scrimmaging as soon as possible. Cherry said it was something he had picked up from former Montreal Coach Toe Blake. He told me, "Blake's idea was, 'Don't get the game confusing.' He'd skate his squads twice around the rink one way, twice the other, then drop the puck and let them scrimmage."

Occasionally I was allowed to take part in the action. Down in the goals, Cheevers, or perhaps Pettie or Gilbert or Grahame or Parro—it was hard to tell them apart behind the white masks they all wore, which were quite inhuman, like the faces of barn owls, I often thought—would begin nodding in my direction, and they would wave their big gloves at me. I'd stuff my notebook back in my pads and begin to push and heave to extricate my hulk from the bench and get through the door with its big clanging bolt and out onto the ice.

Sometimes Cheevers would stand off to one side of the goal and show me how to drift out to cut down the angle as the wings came down the rink. "Come out, come out!" he'd call, because my tendency was to huddle inside the cage and peer out like a hedgehog. He wanted me at the top of the crease. He'd shout, "Keep your stick on the ice!" Or often, just to remind me, "Stand up! Stand up!" knowing that if I toppled over, I was as useless down on the ice, thrashing about, as a turtle on its back.

Inevitably, Cheevers would skate off after a while and let me fend for myself. If I made a save, the Bruins would lean out from the bench and slam their hockey sticks along the boards; a goal was greeted with silence, though I could hear the laughter rise from the spectators in the stands. At a score, I would groan and look for relief, staring pointedly at the bench in the hope I'd see one of the regular goalies reaching for his mask. Behind me one of the defensemen would fish for the puck. Seaweed had told me never to bother with it, that the established procedure after being scored upon was to stand looking fixedly ahead, very cool, and let other people deal with the damning evidence behind. Even in the shooting drills Seaweed never touched the pucks collecting in the back of the net.

I went through some frightening indignities. The ultimate occurred in an afternoon scrimmage when a puck emerged from a melee at the blue line and came down the ice toward me—not so much a shot as a push, moving about 4 mph. I glared at it, my intent was to sweep it into the corner for the defensemen to pick up, but as I swiped at it I lifted the stick just enough for the puck to slide underneath, between my skates, and into the goal. As I turned, I could see the puck sliding slowly across the red line at the goalmouth, moving about 1 mph—indeed, the puck barely had enough momentum to reach the back of the net. Subsequently, I wrote in my goalie-pad notebook, I was "utterly devastated." The laughter had echoed around the rink, and this time the players chimed in. They could not contain themselves. Within the cage of my helmet I produced a high cry of dismay.

When a scrimmage was whistled over, the squad lined up along the boards for 10 minutes or so of wind sprints to conclude the practice—racing across the width of the rink and back. I skated with the goalies, invariably in their wake after three or four strides, and thus was left out in the open for the Bruins to contemplate my strange skating style in tranquillity. They were especially taken by my early attempts (my method became more traditional after a few days) of bringing myself to a stop—which was to skate full tilt into the boards, my hands outstretched like a horror-movie monster's. Thus brought to an abrupt halt, I could turn myself around to set off again in some direction. As one of the Bruins remarked, I was one of the few players he had ever seen

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in an NHL uniform who checked *himself* into the boards.

The sprints were exhausting, especially tacked on to the end of a scrimmage—enough, I would have thought, to send the players drifting wearily and slowly off to the locker room when Cherry finally blew his whistle to end the practice. But to my surprise most of the players continued to linger on the ice. They practiced their shots, their passing, often they seemed to skate about haphazardly, as if just for the pleasure of it; sometimes, two of them would pair off and begin bear wrestling, reaching over each other's shoulders to try to unbutton the suspenders and bring the other's shirt up over his head, which is what a player hopes to do in a true fight—"turn out the lights on him." Seaweed described it. One day as I stood watching all this activity, Cherry came skating up. "It's like a big kindergarten out there, isn't it?" he remarked.

I said that few sports seemed to be enjoyed as much by its players as hockey. Cherry asked, "What would you like to be—a golfer? You trudge after the ball. No one hits it to you." He gestured at Johnny Bucyk, at 42 the oldest player in the NHL, who was flying by in a wind sprint against some Bruin teammate half his age. The coach said, "That's why leaving hockey is so much harder. It's not only the friendships and everything that goes with good teammates, and all that, but the *game* is so much fun to play."

Certainly that became my impression. The sport had so many different aspects: an implement (the stick) to manipulate, and a projectile (the puck) to hit and pass and shoot, and everyone got a chance to be involved with it, quite unlike football where very few players actually handle the object everyone is tussling over. So much of the action of hockey was freewheeling, imaginative, instinctive, as compared to football with its precise routes and exact assignments. Hockey had the violence, too, and you could slam into someone at twice the speed you could generate on a football field. And then, of course, there was the particular pleasure of hockey: that one moved across a completely different medium—the ice—that allowed great speeds, quick stops in a spray of shavings, the ability to move backward as fast as forward, the maneuverability of a dragonfly.

Of course, all this assumed that one was in control out there on the ice. For me, these elements, so pleasurable to the practiced hockey player, were enemies: the surface of the ice seemed to have a tendency to tilt and slip, like a tabletop in a séance; my goalie's stick moved uncontrollably when a puck approached, rising like a curtain to let it slide underneath, or setting itself at the perfect angle to deflect a shot into the goal. Even in my moments of repose the stick seemed to have a disposition of its own. Once, when I was housecleaning, sweeping the ice shavings from in front of the crease and being very nonchalant and cool because the puck was at the other end of the rink, the stick slipped from my grasp and clattered out across the ice toward the blue line. In grabbing for it as it flew, I felt my skates go out from under me, and I landed belly down, arms outstretched, with a considerable thump, the goalie's stick still sliding out in front of me. I pulled myself up, laboriously, and skated out to get it. No harm done, because the puck was still at the other end, but I heard a voice from the stands call out—a teen-ager's by the sound of it, one of those clear nasal trumpet voices that can drift across a couple of city blocks and a park—"All *right*. Great moves out there. Bozo, *great* moves!"

As for the puck, it was an object with which I had only the most fleeting sort of acquaintance. One would appear with the abruptness of a bee over a picnic basket, and then hum away so quickly that rather than being corporeal it could well have been imaginary, the result of a tic of the eye. A swarm of them collected in the back of the net during the shooting drills without my being quite sure how they got there. Sometimes I discovered one in my glove, and I'd drop it onto the ice and peer at it in surprise. And yet, in contrast, the professionals seemed to have such control over a puck: in the passing drills it moved in a direct line from one stick to another, with a satisfying smack to the wood, homing in as if attached—like horizontal yo-yos, I wrote in my goalie-pad notebook. The Bruins could dance the puck on the blades of their sticks. They showed me how accurate they could be with them. Peter McNab, the big center, set up 10 pucks at the point—just inside the blue line at an angle to the nets, perhaps 60 feet away—and he wagered that he could hit the far post of the goal at least three times. He did so, too, throwing his arms aloft at the clang of the final shot against the metal post, as if he had scored a goal. Could a baseball pitcher maintain such an average against an inch-wide target from that distance? Or a quarterback? Certainly a tennis player would have his difficulties at that range. Or a golfer with a putter. Perhaps only the archer with his bow could compare.

The players showed me how they could control a puck in the air—making the puck drop, or jump like a fastball—and they could sweep it off the ice at a tilt so that the puck came in on the net in a wide curve. Once, Bob Schmautz, the wing, set up a number of pucks on edge and slap-shot them in on me in the goal like a flurry of knuckleballs, one after the other in quick succession, each darting from side to side. I shivered before their oncoming passage like a man with the ague, and then they would dart and spend themselves in the back of the net.

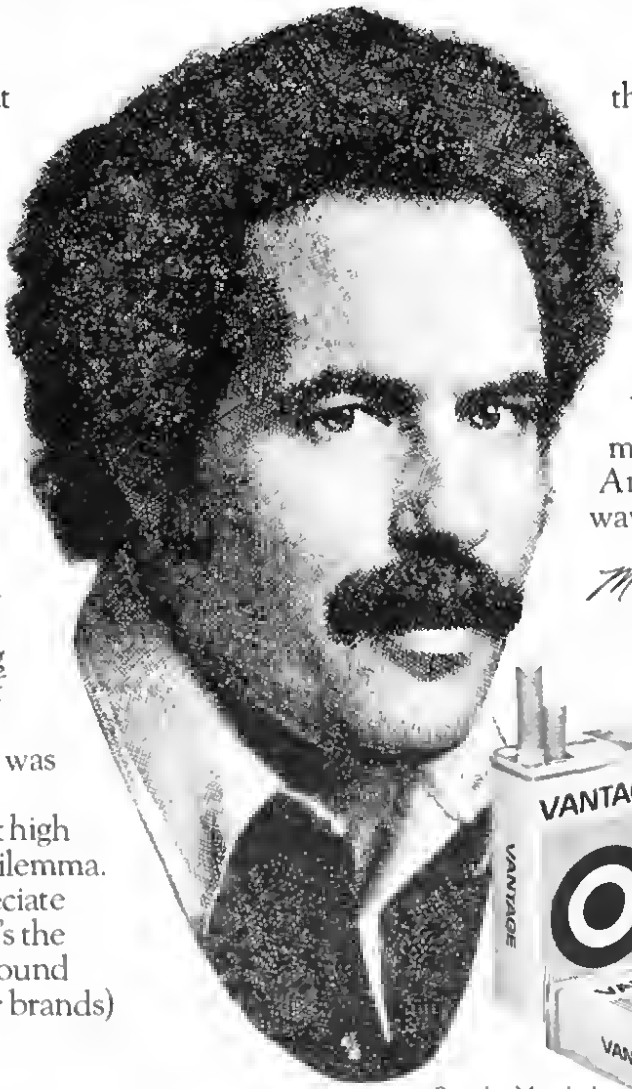
I shouted inside my helmet. Out at center ice the Bruins grinned and called down that I hadn't truly seen the most impressive shot—the "zinger." That was the full wrist shot, the one that came in at 130 mph. The Bruins said they'd been easy on me so far, but it would be the zinger I would be seeing in Philadelphia when the Flyers came down against the goal, and I might as well try to deal with such a thing. Schmautz was very anxious to show me. Sometimes he smacked one against the glass off to one side so I could hear what it *sounded* like.

"You're going to be seeing one sooner or later," he said.

The best time of the training camp for me—not surprisingly—was when the players had left the rink and we gathered in the taverns of Fitchburg for beer. The team seemed to go as a group—quite unlike athletes in the other sports I had been associated with, who tended to divide up and go their separate ways after practice. The Bruins would take over the back area of a tavern, and one would look through

continued

# "I have my own ideas about smoking."



"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands) that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia

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the late-afternoon darkness to see as many as 30 of them seated around the tables. The conversation was lively and funny: the hockey players struck me as being far more sophisticated than I had been led to expect from a group that was largely from rural areas and had not gone to college. Perhaps it was because they became men much earlier—moving away from home and into the juniors at the ages of 14 and 15 and beginning an adult life of travel across the country and touring abroad for international competition. They became self-sufficient and learned to fend for themselves in the outside world, rather than spending those coddled years sitting in the lounge of a college athletic dormitory watching an afternoon quiz show on TV and wondering idly whether to skip the phys ed course that day. The hockey people were an aural society, and they soaked up the great stories about their sport and its heroes and refined them so they could pass them on during the long bus trips and in the bars. It didn't matter if one had heard them before: they came as a tonic and a revivification. I sat and listened eagerly for the next Bruin to clear his throat and begin.

The player they inevitably talked about was Bobby Orr, and they told stories about him with a type of reverence, with no interruptions or horseplay around the table. If a waitress came around to take orders for another round of beers, she waited until the story was done, and very likely, being a Massachusetts girl, she would lean in to hear the rest of it because there was no one, ever, who matched Orr in the adulation he received in New England for his brand of play. "He was two steps ahead of anyone," Brad Park was saying, "and even after all his knee injuries he was one step ahead. No one like him. Players like Perreault and Lafleur are exciting to watch, but they can't control a game like Orr did."

My favorite story of those I heard was about Orr killing a penalty in a game against Oakland. He was swinging around the ice with the puck, and somehow he lost one of his gloves at mid-ice. It lay palm up like a huge mailed gauntlet discarded on a medieval battlefield—which did not deter him at all. He wheeled around his own net, one bare hand on the stick, and as he came back up the ice with the puck, going at top speed, almost as an afterthought he suddenly reached down and scooped his bare hand into the empty glove, without so much as breaking stride, settled it into place and went on through the two defensemen and challenged Gary Smith, the Oakland goalie. And Smith beat him, turned away Orr's shot—and the best part of the story was that *both* benches groaned, the Oakland bench as well, because the sequence had been so brilliant that it seemed to require a goal to round it out esthetically.

The coach I could not hear enough about was Eddie Shore, the old Bruin defenseman who used to own and coach a minor league club in Springfield, Mass. "Shore hated goalies who went down on the ice," said Cherry, who spent seven years playing defense for Shore at Springfield. "To keep them in the habit of standing up, he tied a rope around their necks and attached it to the crossbar of the cage—so they couldn't go down."

"I would have hanged in the first minute," I said.

I asked Cherry what Shore looked like.

"Well, he walked upright, if that's what you're getting at," Cherry said. "He looked like a cowboy. He had lost half an ear to a hockey stick. He was close to 70 when I was there and he could skate backward faster than forward. Fantastic on skates. He could take the laces out of his skates and tap-dance on the ice. We respected him and hated him. He made me wear a puck around my neck because, playing defense, I had looked down at the puck and not at the forward, which is a cardinal sin. Oh, we hated him! Once, when the team was going terrible, he called for a meeting of all the players and their wives, and in this little steamy locker room with the jockstraps hanging from the pegs, he proceeded to tell the wives they were allowing their husbands too much sex. It was affecting their play. 'Now you jus' cut that stuff out!' he yelled at them."

Sometimes the storytelling and the beer drinking went on until it was too late to think of having dinner. I would go back to the motel and collapse on the bed. Seaweed always wanted to talk. He said he had a scouting report on how I had performed in the nets.

"You have *what*?" I asked sleepily.

Seaweed told me that two scouts had been sitting up in the press box to check on the progress of players they had recommended to the Bruins. Seeing me perform, they couldn't resist jotting down the sort of scouting report they might make on a goalie. Seaweed rattled a piece of paper.

"Well, what did they say?" I asked.

" 'Good size and doesn't wear glasses.' " Seaweed read. "That's a good start," he commented. "But then the scout goes on to say, 'Handles puck and stick like a blacksmith. Biggest trouble is shots on goal.' "

"Oh yes. Well, what did the other one say?" I could hardly keep my eyes open.

"The other guy doesn't say too much," Seaweed replied. "Just one sentence: 'Has trouble if he goes down—can't get back up.' "

"Well, that's not inaccurate," I said. I looked across at him. "What's your own professional opinion?"

"You're coming along. You got to use the stick more, not the big glove, which is what guys who've played baseball do. You got to learn to keep the guys out of the crease. In your game against the Flyers you're going to have to deal with Dornhoefer shoving at you. . . ."

"Who?"

"Dornhoefer," Seaweed said. "Big Philly wing. Gary Dornhoefer. If you don't clear him out of there, you won't be able to see anything. He parks his rear right in your face. He blots out the sun. You have to chop him out of there with your stick. Crack him in the ankles."

I said, "Seaweed, I can't do that. I can hardly lift my stick off the ice with both hands. What are you talking about?" But before I could absorb his answer, I had dropped off to sleep, surely to face the mysterious Dornhoefer in the shadows of a dream.

**NEXT WEEK** *Plimpton meets up with Gary Dornhoefer's muscles and Reggie Leach's zinger in Philadelphia*

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# "THE GRENADIER I WAITED 5 YEARS TO SMOKE."

Cigars are for victories At least that's how it seems to me Because I've never felt like smoking a cigar after losing a game And no matter how far ahead we were at half time, I could never light one up before the game was over That would be too cocky even for me

Since I've been playing pro ball, I've smoked a lot of Grenadiers after a lot of games But the Grenadier I enjoyed the most was the one I lit up after we won Super Bowl XI

For four straight seasons from 1972-1975, we kept on just missing winning the big one Take '72 That playoff game sticks in my mind like a favorite old girl friend

There we were ahead 7-6 with only a minute, 26 seconds left in the game, when their quarterback threw a pass that bounced from the intended receiver's fingertips to a defensive back s, and into the hands of their big fullback, who ran for a touchdown We were behind 13-7, when we ran out of time

In '73, '74 and 75, we always seemed to run out of time before we could score enough points to win.

In '76 we finally made it to Super Bowl Funny thing about that game We ran and passed pretty much as we pleased Even set a record for total offense.

I'd waited five years for the Grenadier I smoked after that game And I'll tell you true, it was one beautiful smoke

*Kenny Stabler*
*Quarterback*
*Oakland Raiders*

**A&C... ONE BEAUTIFUL SMOKING EXPERIENCE.**

**"Wooden dories drift effortlessly down the Colorado River, dwarfed by the soaring granite walls of the Grand Canyon that rise abruptly from the river's edge. The flowing water reflects the bright, striped boats. Only the rhythmic stroke of oars disrupts the eerie quiet, sending circular puddles behind the dories. But soon the rumbling sound of distant water slapping at walls and over rocks intensifies, until a bend in the river reveals to the eye what the ear already knows. The dories are approaching a rapids."**


Where did this appear? National Geographic? Natural History? Field & Stream? No, it's from *Grandeur and Turmoil* by Melissa Ludtke in Sports Illustrated, where the beauty of sports is captured along with the action.

**Sports Illustrated**
We are sports in print.

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week Jan. 16-22**

**PRO BASKETBALL**—Would a fifth-place team trade the league's leading scorer? You betcha, said a local newspaper of New Orleans General Manager Lewis Schaffel's plans for Pete Maravich. That night the Jazz won its fourth straight, handing Portland only its seventh defeat of the season, 101–100, and went into fourth place in the Central. After the game, Maravich, who is averaging 27.9 points a game and has a no-cut contract, said he would never leave New Orleans and instead suggested that the GM be traded or take a "vacation in Iraq." The league's second-leading scorer, San Antonio's George Gervin (26.3), pumped in 36 points to spoil Seattle's first road outing after winning seven in a row at home, 119–113. The Spurs then took over the Central lead by beating the Pacers twice, the first time at Indianapolis for San Antonio's 11th road victory, tying them with Phoenix for the second highest total in the league, and the second time at home, in a game in which the Pacers were held to a club-record regular season low of 30 points in the first half. Injury plagued Washington lost twice to fall into second place, a game behind the Spurs. Portland's defeat by the Jazz was amply offset by three wins and the Blazers gained half a game on Phoenix and took a 7½ game lead in the Pacific. Seattle, which has won 19 of its last 23, remained in third. Golden State and Los Angeles, despite going 2–0, were still 14½ and 16½ games out, respectively. Midwest leader Denver had its 10-game win streak snapped at Milwaukee 114–109 (*page 52*). Second-place Chicago, playing a weak schedule (Detroit, Indiana and Atlanta), gained 1½ games on the Nuggets. After trouncing the Kings at Kansas City 126–106, the Philadelphia 76ers got a few hours' sleep before leaving for Cleveland—a trip that took seven hours, most of it spent in O'Hare Airport in Chicago when their plane developed pressurization problems. The team finally arrived at its hotel in time for a pregame nap. "I think we were still asleep during the game," said Julius Erving after the Sixers lost 117–109 to the Cavs, ending a nine-game winning streak. The Sixers can afford to nap. The Knicks continued to skid, losing three more in the West, and although still in second place, they are now eight games out. The rest of the division—Buffalo (12½ games back), Boston (14½), and New Jersey (21½)—gave no indication of challenging and could only have been grateful for the snowstorm that canceled their Friday games.

**BOWLING**—BILL COLEMAN upset top seeded Johnny Petraglia 237–191 to win his first PBA title, the $125,000 Showboat Invitational in Las Vegas.

**BOXING**—WBA champion ROBERTO DURAN stopped WBC titleholder Esteban DeJesus in the 12th round to win *the world lightweight championship in Las Vegas* (*page 14*).

**HOCKEY**—NHL: One Saturday in the life of 20 New York Islanders: A 5:30 a.m. wake-up call in St. Louis. A 6:45 a.m. arrival at the airport in St. Louis. A five-hour airport wait while the runways are being plowed in snowbound New York. A 3:10 p.m. arrival in New York. A 4:30 p.m. arrival at a suburban motel. A 5 p.m. pregame meal of eggs, pancakes and spaghetti. An 8:10 p.m. arrival for the scheduled 8 p.m. game against the Philadelphia Flyers. A *one-hour wait for the appear*ance of Referee Dave Newell, who is stuck somewhere on the Long Island Rail Road. Finally, at 9:15 p.m., the face off. By 11:48 p.m. the Islanders had routed the Flyers 6–1 and had tied them for first place in the Patrick Division. New York also defeated Minnesota 5–2 and St. Louis 3–0, while gaining five points on the Flyers, who had played Montreal to a 1–1 tie. New York's other team, the Rangers, had travel problems of another sort when they arrived at their hotel in Vancouver: seven Rangers discovered that their luggage was en route to Tokyo. The Rangers later ended a three-year drought against Los Angeles with their first victory over the Kings in 11 games, 3–0. The Rangers continued their losing ways against Atlanta, falling to the Flames, 5–3, for the 10th time in 12 games. Don Edwards had his 24th victory, three more than any other goalie in the league, as Buffalo blitzed Cleveland 9–2. Stan Mikita's 507th career goal tied him with Jean Beliveau for fourth place on the all-time goal scoring list and helped Chicago stop Washington 5–2. Hartland Monahan's two goals in 16 seconds lifted Los Angeles over Toronto 2–1. Andre St. Laurent had back-to-back two-goal games, giving him 12 goals in 13 games, as Detroit beat Chicago 4–2 and tied Colorado 4–4. Montreal extended its unbeaten streak to 15 games with victories over Vancouver and Cleveland and the tie at Philadelphia.

WHA: One roof may have collapsed on the New England Whalers (*page 20*), but they managed to maintain their two-point lead over onrushing second-place Winnipeg by playing the Jets to a 4–4 tie. With seventh place Cincinnati having but two wins in eight games, Coach Jacques Demers offered to quit. "This is a young team," he said. "The Cincinnati public has been told that we have five or six superstars. They aren't superstars." The Cincinnati management rejected Demers' offer—at least for now.

**HORSE RACING**—TAISEZ VOUS ($3.00) under Don Pierce, won the $52,700 El Encino Stakes for 4-year-old fillies at Santa Anita, covering the mile and a sixteenth in 1:41⅘, 3½ lengths ahead of Little Happiness.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—Defending NASCAR point champion CALE YARBOROUGH held off David Pearson and Benny Parsons on the final lap to win the first Grand National race of the season at Riverside, Calif. The winner's Oldsmobile averaged 102.269 mph for 119 laps of the 4.215 kilometer road course. Parsons' Chevy was second and Pearson's Mercury third.

**SWIMMING**—MICHELLE FORD of Australia set a women's world record of 8:31.30 in the 800 meter freestyle at the New South Wales championships in Sydney, bettering the mark she established two weeks ago by 3.56.

**TENNIS**—After losing to Jimmy Connors two weeks ago on an indoor surface that favored the American, BJORN BORG defeated Connors on clay 7–6, 3–6, 6–1 to win the $250,000 Grand Slam in Boca West, Fla.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, who had not lost a set until the finals, defeated Billie Jean King 1–6, 6–2, 6–2 to win a $100,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Houston. It was the 21-year-old Czech expatriate's first victory in five tries against the 34-year-old King.

Fifth-seeded CLIFF DRYSDALE downed seventh-seeded Tom Gorman 7–5, 6–3 to win the $100,000 Baltimore International Indoor Championship.

**TRACK & FIELD**—EVELYN ASHFORD of UCLA set an American women's automatically timed record of 6.80 in the 60-yard dash at the Sunkist Invitational in Los Angeles. SULEIMAN NYAMBUI of Tanzania ran the second-fastest indoor two-mile in history—8:18.4.8 short of Emiel Puttemans' record (*page 22*).

**MILEPOSTS**—HIRED: By the Washington Redskins, Coach and General Manager GEORGE ALLEN, after he and the team failed to agree on a new contract. Allen had a 67–30–1 record with the Redskins and took them to the NFL playoffs five times in seven seasons (*page 18*).

NAMED: As manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, GEORGE BAMBERGER, 52, pitching coach for the Baltimore Orioles since 1968, to succeed Alex Grammas, who was fired in November.

NAMED: By North Carolina as football coach, DICK CRUM, 43, who had a 10–1 record last year at Miami of Ohio. By Wake Forest as football coach, JOHN MACKOVIC, 34, offensive coordinator at *Purdue*. By Boston College as football coach, ED CHLEBEK, who was voted Mid-American Conference Coach of the Year after guiding Eastern Michigan to a 9–2 record.

NAMED: To the Baseball Hall of Fame, Third Baseman EDDIE MATHEWS, 46, who spent 15 of his 17 major league seasons with the Boston, Milwaukee and Atlanta Braves. Mathews, 512 home runs tie him with Ernie Banks for ninth place on the all-time list.

PENALIZED: By the NCAA for alleged football recruiting violations committed between 1972 and 1976, the OKLAHOMA STATE football team, which was put on two years' probation.

RESIGNED: As coach of the Chicago Bears, JACK PARDEE, after three years and a 20–22 record.

DIED: AUBREY (Dutch) CLAPPER, 70, Hockey Hall of Fame defenseman and right wing for the Boston Bruins (1927-47) and the first man to play 20 consecutive seasons with the same NHL club, in Peterborough, Ont. Clapper, who scored 228 goals and had 248 assists during his career, played on three Stanley Cup championship teams (1929, 1939 and 1941), coached the Bruins in 1947 and 1948 and was named to the NHL All-Star team six times.


**CREDITS**

4—Tony Triolo. 11—drawing by SOW. 14, 15—John Iacono. 17—Hank deLespinasse. 22, 23—Manny Millan. 24—James Drake. 42, 43—Heinz Kluetmeier. 48—Vincen Vicanovic/PEOPLE. 52, 53—Heinz Kluetmeier.


# FACES IN THE CROWD

**JOHN DAVIES**
EWING TOWNSHIP, N.J.

*John, 10, scored a record* 87 goals for the 20–3 Robbins Pharmacy soccer team, twice tallying six goals in a game and once seven. John also led the Ewing Township basketball team to the state championship and was *named tournament* MVP.

**CHERYL MURTAGH**
PLAINFIELD, N.J.

All-America in basketball, all-state in softball and all-district in field hockey, Cheryl, 18, became the first to have a number retired at Bishop Feehan High. She is the only freshman starter in hockey and basketball for Springfield College.

**JAN CHANCE O'MALLEY**
MASTIC BEACH, N.Y.

For winning the first World Women's Sailing Championship as well as the U.S. Doublehanded Sailing Championship, O'Malley, 31, has been honored as Yachtswoman of the Year for an unprecedented third time.

**BONITA WILLIAMS**
FAIRFIELD, N.C.

Averaging 24 points and 16 rebounds a game, Bonita, 14, a 5'9½" center, led Aycock Junior High *to a 13–1 record* and its second straight city basketball championship. Last year the undefeated Lions won every game by at least 30 points.

**TED KRONSCHNABEL, MATT HANZEL**
ST. PAUL

In the quarterfinals of the Midwest Squirt Silverstick Hockey Tournament, Ted, a fifth-grader at Immaculate Heart of Mary, and Matt, a fifth-grader at Nativity Grade School, both 10, collaborated on all of St. Paul Highland's goals to down Bloomington-Jefferson 8–5. Ted scored six goals, each assisted by Matt, who had two goals, each assisted by Ted. The two boys accounted for 16 of the 19 goals scored in the tournament by their team, which finished fourth.

1978

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**BATHING BEAUTIES**

Sir,

Congratulations on one of your finest issues (Jan. 16). *Sooper Dooper* was one of the best football articles I have ever read and made me glad to be a baseball fan. Joe Marshall's Super Bowl preview (*The Orange Is Doomed To Be Crushed*) was thoroughly enlightening and, being a fan of Atlanta teams, I felt right at home with Princeton's 1–22 hockey team (*Practice Didn't Make Perfect*). To top it off, you gave us bathing suits—and girls (*Brazil Is Really Perking*). Bravo!

JOHN A. BOWERS JR.
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Who says Friday the 13th is unlucky? That's the day we received your annual swimsuit issue. It's the best thing that's happened since night baseball. The mailman was surrounded by admirers of Cheryl Tiegs and Christie Brinkley, anxious for a glimpse of this year's beauties. The pictures were a welcome diversion for a houseful of guys trapped at school during semester break.

THE MEN OF LAMBDA CHI ALPHA
William Jewell College
Liberty, Mo.

Sir:

The temperature was minus 14°F., but in the mail came the Jan. 16 issue of SI and the Gurney spring seed catalog. I knew right then that I would make it through another Minnesota winter.

DUKE HIST
Minnetonka, Minn.

Sir:

Thank you for making a cold Wisconsin winter "bareable."

BILL SKROCH
Wausau, Wis.

Sir:

Allow us to be among the first to vote for Sportswoman of the Year 1978: intrepid Cheryl Tiegs. Amen! And awoman!

BILL LAPPIN
JOHN MCGILVRAY
DANIEL KNIGHT
Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

The Brazilians are coming! The Brazilians are coming!

STEVE CHAPMAN
Bryan, Ohio

Sir:

In addition to the beautiful women there was some excellent photography by Walter Iooss Jr.

SAM JOHNSON
Bethesda, Md.

Sir:

My God, are you in trouble! Your swimsuit issue was never barer or better. I can hardly wait for the letters.

LARRY KIMBALL
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

After perusing the annual swimsuit issue, especially the cover, I wonder how soon the models will wear nothing at all.

EDMUND B. OLCHOWSKI
Greenfield, Mass.

Sir:

My wife is not only threatening divorce, but to cancel my SI subscription.

GARY WEST
Tampa

Sir:

I was disgusted. No decent person would be caught wearing a few of the suits you pictured. I can't understand why a very good sports magazine feels it has to compete with trashy magazines and to stoop to their level.

KATHY JONES
Chicago Heights, Ill.

Sir:

Shame on you and shame on Cheryl Tiegs.

MADELYN AND JOSEPH GOUGH
Hicksville, N.Y.

Sir:

In the past, Jule Campbell has done a commendable job on the swimsuit issue. This year I think you lost your good judgment. In 1977 a reader complained because he felt that Cheryl Tiegs wasn't shown enough. In 1978 this reader is complaining because she feels that Cheryl was overexposed. In my view, Miss Tiegs has no class left, and neither does SI's swimsuit issue.

JANIE CAMMIN
Saginaw, Mich.

Sir:

Your First Amendment right to publish? Certainly. Illustrated? I'll say! Sports? Sure. Couldn't find any. A sports magazine with girlie spreads in our home? No, thank you. Cancel.

JAMES A. BICKLEY
Omaha, Neb.

Sir:

I refuse to put the Jan. 16 issue on the library rack for students in grades one through eight. How do you justify the article? Students today watch enough television shows that depict people wearing the bare minimum. Must they also be exposed to reading materials that do the same thing?

ALICE DELANEY
St. Ann School
Gloucester, Mass.

Sir:

When I want *Playboy*, I'll buy *Playboy*.

H. U. WAGGENER, M.D.
Denver

Sir:

I would like to know why you chose to feature only women's swimwear.

K. WILLIAMS
Chamblee, Ga.

Sir:

I thought the issue was just fantastic!

MARILYN HERRMANN
Rock Hall, Md.

Sir:

The Lady Volunteers of the University of Tennessee had two major basketball victories—over top-ranked North Carolina State and Delta State—that week. Get with it. The Lady Vols deserved the cover. At least they are involved in a sport.

MONIKA ELDRIDGE
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

Who are you trying to kid? Your readers can see through your swimwear coverage.

DAVID WILKNER
Providence

**GRANDMA'S GAME**

Sir:

First, let me praise SI for its coverage of women's basketball. However, I must take exception to your recent article on Carol Blazejowski (*No One Is Hotter than the Blaze*, Jan. 2). Kent Hannon implies that "the women's game has not yet evolved to a level" that demands that its players be skilled both offensively and defensively.

Women played organized basketball for a long time before SI "discovered" the sport. My grandmother, Ruthanna Dorsey Fickel, who turned 90 on Jan. 15, used to make headlines in the Indianapolis papers with 30-point-plus games and terrific defense. A mere 5′ 1″, she used to jump center and play in the middle on defense. They played full-court, with five persons, on her Crawfordsville (Ind.) High School team. When my mother played, the court was divided into three zones: one for guards, one for forwards, with the middle strip for the centers. I played one year of "rover" ball in college, with two players (called rovers) able to cross the center dividing line, until we "progressed" to the five-person, full-court game of my grandmother's time.

Women's basketball has come a long way, but the fact remains that it is a team sport that demands a complete player who can guard and assist as well as score.

MELANIE MOORE YOUNGER
Versailles, Ky.

*continued*

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### GORGEOUS OUSSIE

Sir

Whenever I read a disparaging remark about Gussie Moran's ability to play tennis, such as Jack Kramer's comparison of Gussie with Pauline Betz (*A Little Hanky-Panky, but No Fixes*, Jan. 9), I think of an afternoon at Forest Hills in September 1946. A fourth-round match between the top-seeded Betz and an unknown, Moran, looked like a breeze for Betz. But the young Moran had the stadium in an uproar as she took the second set in the gathering twilight. It was the only set that Betz lost in the entire tournament.

Kramer sure hit the nail on the head in Part I of his article (*So Everything Was Jake*, Jan. 2) when he called Bobby Riggs the most underrated champion of all time.

Thanks for a couple of great articles.

LANDON C. MANNING
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

### PING-PONG PROGRESS

Sir

In his article (*An Affront of a Backhand*, Jan. 2) Dick Miles told of the O'Neill family spending about $10,000 a year to take their son Sean to table-tennis tournaments. In mentioning promising junior players, however, Miles overlooked perhaps the most promising junior ever to play table tennis in the Northwest, Jen-Hsun Huang. In sharp contrast to Sean, Jen-Hsun earns his money to travel to tournaments, to take part in clinics and to play table tennis by scrubbing floors here at the Paddle Palace. He is a straight-A student and very hungry to become a table-tennis champion. He has played only three months, but I suggest you watch out for him in another year.

LOU BOCHENSKI
Paddle Palace
Portland, Ore.

Sir

Dick Miles' excellent article accurately reflects the state of table tennis in this country. The sport has achieved legitimacy. Even though we are far from international supremacy, the accomplishments of the men's and women's teams and the No. 35 ranking of Danny Seemiller seem miraculous when one considers a budget of $50,000. In contrast, China will spend $6 million for just one Friendship Asian-African Championship table tennis outing. Current youth interest in table tennis makes me optimistic that the U.S. will rise to greater heights on the international scene.

HOUSHANG BOZORGZADEH
Captain
U.S. Men's Team
Independence, Iowa

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